Ashby Higgins and Ollie Moyer
Elk, were held to the grand ju
Squire Smith's court Thursda
ternoon on a charge of moonshi
g, They live on Crooked Fork
lk. The arrests were made
heriff Brown Beard, Deputy Sher
lmer Moore and Constable Charl
. Butler. About 100 gallons
ash was destroyed.

12-15-

completely snowed under. It was a frightful time. Pathways had to be shoveled through the snow to the farmers' barns, in order that the farmers might attend to their stock. County schools were closed for a time, because the children could not get there on account of the deep snow.

A farmer once told me this story of the deep snow.

It began snowing early in the morning about eight o'clock on December the sixteenth said the farmer It snowed steady for twenty-four hours. I took an estimate measure of it and found that it was over four feet deep. Shortly afterwards an immense crust formed on the surface of the snow. To add to the fearful time I was out of fire wood. I could not get no wood unless I went into the woods I shouldered my axe and immediately set out to the forest. I had a terrible time, but finally I succeeded in getting several trees cut down. I skidded them by hand into

B. E. Smith Hardwood Company of Marlinton, is the style of the new firm manufacturing and dealing in West Virginia hardwoods. B. E. Smith, of Marlinton, and Donald Whitcraft, of Philadelphia, compose the firm. Mr. Smith is well known as a lumber operator in this valley for the past twenty years, and Mr. Whitcraft has had much experience in the selling end of the lumber business. The offices of the firm are in the First National Bank Building, which have been occupied by Mr. Smith for many years.

10-20-38

The Elk community stock dipping vat was completed in September. Up to this time 1900 sheep and 325 cattle have been dipped. The people of Elk are enthusiastic over this important community endeavor. The total cost of the vat was about $180, and the stock was sold at $15 a share. A nominal charge is made for the use of the tank by those who are not

TELEPHONE COMPANY ORGANIZED

5-22-14

The stockholders of the Pocahontas Telephone Company held their first meeting at Marlinton on Tuesday of this week. The company was organized by the election of the following as a board of directors—George P. Moore, E. H. Williams. Dr. Solter, Dr. J. W. Price, W. C. Householder, S. B. Wallace, Dr. U. H. Hannah, J. W. Goodsell, W. R. Moore, L. D. Sharp. The officers elected are Geo. P. Moore, president; E. H. Williams vice-president; Dr. H. C. Solter. secretary and general manager: J. M. Bare, assistant manager.

This company has bought the Ronceverte & Elkins Telephone Company's lines and equipment, and will start immediately to put the line in condition, and with cooperation or consolidation with the other lines

Sheriff Brown Beard and a num-
ber of prohibition officers made a
raid on Clover Creek last week and
captured a thirty gallon still and
quanity of mash. They arrested
Lanty Lestor. Lestor is from Ken
tucky, but has lived in Pocahonta
or 22 years. He will be tried in th
United States Court at Webste
prings. 9-10-24

many a young citizen ever saw At Marlinton it measured fourteen inches on the level; on the heights above the town it was eighteen inches, and farther back in the mountains twenty.four and thirty inches are reported. Most of the snow fell between dark and midnight Saturday. Timber was torn down, telephone lines suffered and railroad traffic impeded. The mail from Slaty Fork did not get in until Tuesday, and then it came by horseback.

This was probably the heaviest fall of snow here in nearly thirty years.

Charleston, W. Va —A ten inch snow fall, said to be the largest with in a decade blanketed the Charleston district today, hindering railroad and bus service and causing slight damage to telephone and telegraph lines Railroad trains and telephone lines east of Charleston were especially handicapped, while bus schedules were shattered in many districts, drivers reporting that they experienced difficulty in driving because of

some of us home but we were blessed with new members in the family.

Those attending were Susie Wade, Virgil and Annie Bowers, Gene and Mary Hanna, Julian Mace, Betty Armstrong, Dale Mace, Larry and Roseanna Groves, Butch, Dee and Lacy Hanna, Willie Hanna, Chuck, Judy, Lori and Kevin Hanna, Angie Hanna and Aaron Tenney, Doug Angel, Skeeter, Bryan and Brittany Hanna, Pat Hanna, Mike, Fran, Lori and Christopher Hanna, Kay and Les Hiser, Gary Cook, Joann Arthur, William Arthur, Howard and Nellie Moore, Liz Feigly, Forrest, Susie and Samantha Friel, Lisa, Jamie and Justin Robertson, Mary (Pepper) Mann, Wanda and Lisa Carso, Clarice Mann, David and Susan Mace, Bobby Bennett, Marilyn and Laurinda Armstrong,

Norman Sharp, aged 17 years, wa
before the circuit court Monda
morning on a charge of check raising
He confessed and was sent to the re
orm school at Pruntytown until h
s 21 years old. This is his secon
ffense, having been parolled. He
son of Divers Sharp, who is no
erving time in the penitentiary fo
tealing sheep.

Easter Gibson, a boy of 19 years
was before Squire Smith last Satur
ay on a charge of having whiskey i
is possession. He was fined $100
nd six months in jail.

12-15-23

seen, although his baggage disappeared shortly after from the depot.

Monday evening a body was found in the woods in the edge of the town of Cass which is no doubt the body of the unfortunate young man.

A man living on the island in the old mill dam noticed that his dog went to the woods at a certain place. He followed him and found the body. The face and hands were eaten away, but otherwise the body was in a good state of preservation. That it was foul play was clearly indicated by the fact that the body was partly covered with logs, stones and laurel brush.

The body was that of a young man about 5 feet 11 inches, bare footed, with suit of clothes which had been sold by a merchant in Lewisburg.

The place where the body was found was by the old abandoned road road to Green Bank, about 75 yards up the hill from Greenbrier River

MACFALL'S BODY FOUND

YOUNG MAN WHO DISAPPEARED IN DECEMBER

Benson McFall, a young man from Greenbrier County, was working for the West Virginia Pulp and Paper Company the first part of the winter, drew his pay and prepared to go home for Christmas. He came out of the woods with a chum and they left their baggage at the station to take the train. When the train arrived McFall did not show up, and his friend went on without him.

Since then McFall has not been seen, although his baggage disappeared shortly after from the depot.

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The place where the body was found was by the old abandoned road road to Green Bank, about 75 yards up the hill from Greenbrier River and about 200 yards above a point opposite the big mill.

An inquest was started at Cass Wednesday but no marks of violence being apparent it was adjourned to the county-seat to wait the result of a postmortem examination which is now going on.

In the lumber woods it is not uncommon for men coming in with a lot of money on their persons to be robbed or "rolled" while drunk or drugged and this may have been a case of that kind where the dose was too strong and the treatment resulted fatally.

Book Review

THE DURBIN ROUTE

This is a very fine book ... gives us a detailed and ... account of the history ... Greenbrier Division branch ... of the Chesapeake and ... Railway which extended ... Ronceverte north to Durbin.

The story begins following ... Civil War when railroads ... seen by the country as the way ... prosperity and success ... a balanced mixture of fact ... commentary, Bill McNeel ... the reader from the early ... work begun in 1898, ... construction of grades ... bridges, and to that very ... day on October 26, 1900, ... the "first train" arrived ... Marlinton. With the Route ... place, we then see its busy years ... from 1900 to the Depression ... when the line serviced numerous ... saw mills and carried freight and ... passengers, to its decline following World War II and its eventual demise on December 28, 1978, when the last train rode the line departing from Durbin.

Best of all are the many wonderful photographs showing us the life and drama of Durbin Route. We see the crews along the Greenbrier River with horses and wagons during early construction and can appreciate the muscle and sweat that went into building this iron road. We see the engineers and their powerful locomotives, the track crews, the station houses and the people of Pocahontas County as they were then, in what now seems an almost fairy-book time, dressed in a bygone style waiting at picturesque stations for trains which are no longer here to ride.

There is a section devoted entirely to wrecks and mishaps which is very interesting both for its dramatic appeal and for its revelation of the difficulty of maintaining this Route in the mountains.

Thanks to this book, when we walk the Greenbrier River Trail or we pass through Marlinton ... Durbin we can see in our mind's eye how it all was.

—by Martin V. S...

Time, custom stand still in West Virgini...

By CHARLES HILLINGER
Los Angeles Times

DEAD FALL RUN, W. Va. — Sylvia O'Brion, 76, sat beside an oil lamp and wood-burning stove in her clapboard cabin on the subzero night, strumming her banjo and singing: "This is my home where the bobcats holler and the wild deer roam."

She has lived in the primitive dwelling without running water or electricity on the slopes of Dead Fall Mountain her entire life. She shuns modern conveniences. She lives alone in one of the isolated pockets beyond the power lines of West Virginia.

The hardy, fiercely independent old mountain woman has never had a radio or TV. She chops wood to cook her food and heat her home. She uses an outhouse year 'round, even in the dead of winter. Her nearest neighbors are on the other side of the ...

... teller of them all.

"MY STORIES ... of truth. They're al... neighbors. I also ke... tales handed down b... granddaddy and se... dies before them, all... tellers," said Collins... wide as "Mountain... 5-foot-2 and tips t... than 200. "The reas... explained, "is they... and ballpoint pens...

Collins, like Sy... in a log cabin in an... she has all the mo... "I don't wash cloth... used ta," she sa... stories are about ... hills today and th... in the past, stori... eers like Charlie ... undertaker.

Time, custom stand still in West Virginia

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"MY STORIES all have a grain of truth. They're about kinfolk and neighbors. I also keep alive the old tales handed down by my daddy, my granddaddy and several granddaddies before them, all right fine storytellers," said Collins, known far and wide as "Mountain Mama." She is 5-foot-2 and tips the scale at more than 200. "The reason I'm so fat," she explained, "is they pay me in meals and ballpoint pens."

Collins, like Sylvia O'Brion, lives in a log cabin in an isolated holler but she has all the modern conveniences. "I don't wash clothes on a board like I used ta," she said, laughing. Her stories are about people living in the hills today and those who lived there

Ilie to Mason, on to Cabell,
Then great Wayne is brought to view
On the fair Ohio River
All these counties are found.

Lincoln, Logan, Boone, Wyoming,
And McDowell next we spy;
With Mingo, Raleigh and old Mercer,
In the southwest they lie;
South of the Great Kanawha,
In the s uthwest they lie.

Pocahontas and Greenbrier,
With young Summers and Monroe,
Pendleton and Grant and Hardy,
Mineral and Hampshire too,
On the southeastern border,
In the mountains they do lie.

Berkeley, Jefferson and Morgan,
A Panhandle next we spy,
In the east, on the Potomac,
These three counties quiet lie,
Making our great Panhandle;
In the east it does lie.

Monongalia, Preston, Tucker,
Marion and Taylor, too,
Doddridge, Harrison and Barbour

Pretty weather and farmers are through planting, and are now laying by watching the ground squirrels and crows. There appears to be a bountiful crop of these this year.

Marvin Gillespie, candidate for assessor, was shaking hands here last week.

The sawmill shanty near C. L. Moore's was burned last week. It contained clothing and tools of considerable value.

Our old friends, Mr and Mrs Sheldon Moore are with us again We are always glad to have such fine, genial old people with us. Mr Moore is in poor health and is talking of going to Ohio.

W. T. T. Moore and sons are making considerable improvement on their farm.

Mrs Cella White and little daughter Dollie were visiting Mrs Jake Loury.

Strickler Hoover is among friends on the Creek. By grabs, we are glad to see you, Strickler.

A. C. Moore and son Moody are making extensive improvements on their dwelling.

Walter Grimes was a business visitor at Marlinton.

Sheepshearing will soon be the order of the day. Strange as it is we cannot hear a word from our Republican friends regarding present prices of wool and lambs, but when the figures per pound for wool is mentioned, you can see a wide sheepish grin spread over their faces. Those, too, who were almost overcome with fear and trembling when good old Wilson was elected, and vowed they would have to sell their sheep; some of them only owned one sheep, too.

Bliss Shrader was at Marlinton

Slaty Fork

The West Virginia Pulp and Paper Company has about finished cutting timber on Elk River. They are moving over on Cheat where they have a fine lot of spruce. We understand a number of families will now move from Slaty Fork.

The people of the Elk Valley gave L D Sharp the surprise of his life on his birthday Saturday night. Nearly sixty persons came to his home without him knowing anything about what was going on. Some of the family had fooled Mr Sharp off into another room under the pretext of having him read an important letter They all seemed to enjoy themselves greatly, especially Mr Sharp; he said he did not realize how many friends he did have In the party gathered to celebrate the birthday of their long time friend were Mr and Mrs Samuel D. Hannah. Mr Hannah is away up in eighty.

We are having lots of rain, but we are not complaining. Too much rain is far better than a drought.

We don't know what will happen next. The world seems to have gone mad. False prophets everywhere; nations of murderers sweeping in on peace loving nations, destroying men, women and children. It looks now like they may undertake to destroy every free, peace loving people on earth. Satan is sure turned loose.

Over twenty thousand girls are in the liquor stores selling beer and whiskey. Can this nation be exempt from chastisement for its sins?

This nation had better repent and clean up.

God save our nation from the horrors of war.

6-27-40 6-27-40

on his birthday Saturday night. Nearly sixty persons came to his home without him knowing anything about what was going on. Some of the family had fooled Mr Sharp off into another room under the pretext of having him read an important letter They all seemed to enjoy themselves greatly, especially Mr Sharp; he said he did not realize how many friends he did have In the party gathered to celebrate the birthday of their long time friend were Mr and Mrs Samuel D. Hannah. Mr Hannah is away up in eighty.

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JOHN LEWIS

(West Virginia News)

The circumstances which led to the emigration of John Lewis and his settlement of Augusta county are detailed in the Virginia Historical Register for 1851. This narrative, published some years after his death, was written by Hon. Jno. H. Peyton from information derived orally from Wm. I. Lewis, of Campbell county, M. C., for that district from 1817 to 1819, and is as follows:

—

"Col. Lewis stated that the account given by the 'Son of Cornstalk,' in his essays, of the native country and the causes of removal of his family to the Colony of Virginir, was incorrect. That the true history of the matter, as he obtained it from his father, the late Col William Lewis, of the Sweet Springs, who died in the year 1812, at the are of 85 years, and long after Col Wm. I. Lewis had arrived at manhood, was this:

"John Lewis, his grandfather, was a native of Ireland, and was descended of French Protestants, who emigrated from France to Ireland in 1685, at the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, to avoid the persecutions to which the Protestants—to which sect of religion they belonged—were subjected during the reign of Louis XIV.

"John Lewis intermarried with Margaret Lynn, also a native of Ireland, but a descendant of Scottish ancestors—the Lynns of Loch Lynn, so famous in Scottish clan legends.

"John Lewis, in Ireland, occupied a respectable position in what is there called the middle class of society. He was a holder of a free-hold lease for three lives upon a valuable farm in the County of Donegal and Province of Ulster' obtained upon equal terms and fair equivalents from one of the Irish nobility, who was an upright and honorable man, and the owner of the reversion. This leasehold estate, with his wife's marriage portion, enabled the young couple to commence life with flattering prospects. They were both remarkable for their industry, piety and stern integrity. They prospered and were happy. Before the catastrophe occurred which completely destroyed the hopes of this once happy family in Ireland, and made them exiles from their native land, their affection was cemented by the birth of four sons, Samuel, Thomas, Andrew and William.

"About the period of the birth of their third son, the lord from whom he had obtained his lease—a landlord beloved by his tenants and neighbors—suddenly died, and his estate descended to his [illegible]

...such course to reconsider this matter coolly and dispassionately, or you will ruin me and disgrace yourself'

"By the time this address was closed, the young lord seemed to have recovered partially, (in which he was greatly assisted by several heavy libations of wine) from the effects produced by the sudden, solemn and impressive manner of his injured tenant He began to ejaculate: 'Leave me! Leave me! You rebel! You villian!' To this abuse Lewis replied calmly, as follows! 'Sir, you may save your self this useless ebullition of passion. It is extremely silly and ridiculous. I have effected the object of my visit; I have satisfied my mind, and have nothing more to say. I shall no longer disturb you with my presence.' Upon which he retired from the room, apparently unmoved by the volley of abuse that broke forth from the young lord and his drunken comrades as soon as he had turned his back.

"After they had recovered from the magical effect which the calm resolution and stern countenance of Lewis produced, they descanted upon what they called the insolence of his manner, and the mock defiance of his speech, with all the false views which aristocratic pride, excited by the fumes of wine, in a monarchial government were so well calculated to inspire. During the evening the rash purpose was formed of dispossessing Lewis by force. Accordingly, on the next day, the young lord, without any legal authority whatever, proceeded at the head of his guests and domestics to oust Lewis by force.

"Lewis saw the approach of the hostile array, and conjectured the object of the demonstration. He had a shelalah, a weapon in possession of every Irish farmer at that period. Nor was there any one at his house but a brother, confined to bed by disease, his wife and three infant children; yet he resolved to resist the lawless band and closed the door. The young lord, on reaching the house, demanded admittance, which not being granted, the posse attacked the house, and after being foiled in several attempts to break down the door, or to effect in other ways an entrance, one of the party introduced the muzzle of a musket through an aperture in the wall and discharged its contents—a bullet and three buckshot—upon the within. Lewis' sick brother was mortally wounded, and one of the shot passed through his wife's hand. Lewis, who had up to this time acted on the defensive, seeing the blood stream from the hand of his wife, and his expiring brother weltering in his blood, became an...

law and justice on his side, surrender himself to the officers of the law. It was consequently determined that he should proceed on that evening, disguised in a friend's dress to the nearest seaport, and take shipping for Oporto, in Portugal, where a brother of his wife was established in merchandise. Luckily he met a vessel just ready to sail from the Bay of Donegal, in which he took passage After various adventures, for the ship was not bound for Portugal, in different countries, he arrived at Oporto in the year 1729. Upon his arrival there, he was advised by his brother in law, in order to elude the vigilance of his enemies, to proceed to Philadelphia, in Pennsylvania, and there to await the arrival of his family, which, he learned, was in good health, and which his brother-in-law undertook to remove to America.

"John Lewis, following this advice, proceeded at once to Philadelphia. In a year his family joined him, and learning from them that the most industrious efforts were being made by the friends of the young lord to discover the country to which he had fled, he determined to penetrate deep into the American forest. He moved then immediately from Philadelphia to Lancaster, and there spent the winter of 1731 and 1732, and in the summer of 1732, he removed to the place near Staunton, in the County of Augusta, now called Bellefonte, where he settled, brought up his family, conquered the country from the Indians and amassed a large fortune. At the time he settled in this place, Augusta county was not formed. The county was in the possession of the Indians, and Staunton was not known. After establishing himself here, his family was a nucleus for new settlers from the east side of the Blue Ridge and Ireland, and the number had so increased by 1745, that the County of Augusta was organized, when John Lewis was appointed a magistrate, and assisted in the organization."

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[Editor's Note] The foregoing history piece is not only especially interesting to me as the record of a family prominent from the formative period of our country down to this day. It is also of general interest as a picture of conditions in the north of Ireland, causing a regular migration of the Scotch-Irish to America.

ton, W. Va., as second class matter

CALVIN W. PRICE, Editor.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1926

Continuing to write unto you about the Midland Trail, which is the way I long have sought, I would remind you that it is a passway across the State of West Virginia from the crest of the Allegheny Mountain at White Sulphur Spring to the Ohio River at Huntington. It is a hard-surfaced road and is remarkable for its sudden and violent contrasts. One hour a tourist is in the city streets and in another hour he is in the midst of what looks like a wrecked world. It is the kind of driving where it is better to hug the bank than it is to hug your companion.

In a general way it is about the same kind of a march that the Revolutionary army made across the peneplain in 1774 when they were trying to cut down Cornstalk. It winds in and out and gives the tourist a great variety of sights.

It cuts the State of West Virginia in two so that about two fifths of the State lies south of the trail, and that is where the people are congregating that make up the population of the State. We have been getting more numerous of late years. West Virginia has more people than had the combined area of Virginia and West Virginia in 1861, when the war broke out. Those old time golfers who went out in 61 and came in in 65.

A generation ago Prof. Samuel Brown, the geologist at the University explained very patiently year after year, to student ears that heard not, that the mineral wealth of the southern part of West Virginia indicated that the population would gradually center there, and to be more specific, he said that the time would come when the town of Huntington would be the greatest city between Cincinnati and Pittsburgh, and that having attained an ascendency would thereafter maintain it. All this has come to pass.

And a man of a younger generation now is pointing out that there is untold wealth in New River coal in the county of Randolph, and his words will be remembered some day.

We are used to green fields and pleasant pastures in the blue grass section where I live, but down the State coal is king, and the concentrated extract of vegetation is what makes the country rich. I branched off the Midland Trail to go to Princeton and saw evidence of much mining wealth. The Virginian railway gives time for the grandeur to sink in for it takes about eight hours to win through from Princeton to Charleston. I made myself a nuisance on the train by trying to find out what watercourses I was following, for so many did not think it was of any importance. But you cannot know your West Virginia without getting a working knowledge of the watershed. As near as I could figure out we left the waters of East River and [illegible] with the headwaters of Bluestone River, and leaving that to cross the divide to the waters of Guyan River, where the city of Mullens sets in the forks [illegible] the town of [illegible] in forks of the Greenbrier. Then to the waters of Coal River, Paint Creek, and other waters of the New River.

The streams I had learned from the [illegible] reports and the maps. One day Congressman Taylor and I were riding down the Midland Trail and when we approached the town of Malden, we began to inquire for the boiling Springs.

The Kelly Creek that [illegible]

[illegible] was somewhere about five miles above Charleston, that is above the mouth of Elk River and this is the place that the first well bored by white men for salt was located. That was in 1809. It was the place that the Indians used to make salt. That the Indians made salt here rests on the fact that remains of rude pottery vessels were found here in great abundance which would indicate that they were used to boil and evaporate the water for salt. At a garage on the Midland Trail above Montgomery, the proprietors being of the class that hankers after things that others idle by, has been collecting flint and celt Indian relics, and they have a bit of pottery picked up on the Kanawha river.

About a hundred years ago close by the Big Lick was a rock called the pictured or calico rock on it the Indians sculptured many figures of animals and birds and other records. Unfortunately it was needed to make furnace chimneys and the rock was destroyed.

It is a pity that the sign was not allowed to stand. It was of the kind known as petroglyph or rock carving. In this case it was probably a set of symbols carved in the rock and colored. They have about given up the idea that these writings were made to preserve wise thoughts or historic happenings. In the case near the Big Lick salt spring belonging to a very fierce tribe locally referred to as the Salt Indians, it might be inferred that a loose translation of the petroglyphs was something like this: "Notice. This is private property. No trespassing by hunting, fishing, or making salt. Keep off. This means you."

There is a tradition of a bearded gentlemen from New England who was travelling along by the salt works boring where a well was spouting finely. He had heard that such wells were often accompanied by a flow of gas that could be ignited. He got hold of some fire with his flint and steel and touched the well off and was badly burned, and had to lie up for repairs at Charleston for a long time. It is related that the owner of the well being a good deal damaged by the fire visited the injured man for the purpose of collecting from him, but that the stranger was such a pitiful sight that he forebore to bother him about it.

It has not been so very long since wagons went down from the Greenbrier Valley to the salt works on the Kanawha for salt.

It is generally conceded that the original name among the white people for the Great Kanawha River was Wood River, named in honor of Gen. Abraham Wood, whose place was Fort Henry, at the falls of Appomatox River where Petersburg, Virginia, is located. He was a great Indian trader and explorer and was the first to discover that the Great Kanawha River cut all the mountains in two. He had probably mapped the river correctly as early as 1654. His was the name it bore for many years. A great river, four hundred miles long, rising in the state of North Carolina and flowing northeast for a hundred miles and gradually turning to the west and finally running true to the dip of the strata northwest to where it joins the Ohio. It is said the word Kanawha means the river of the woods. The trouble about the mutters that pass for words in a savage tribe is that they can be construed to mean almost anything, and the fate of the word lies in the ear of the hearer. The white men have almost a hundred ways to spell Seneca, and finally they adopted the spelling of the name of the ancient philosopher.

I got out my books to see if I could [illegible]

searching for tides, but I offer a few golden thoughts on that subject. In the first place the river lies east and west and the moon or what ever it is that affects tidal rivers may coincide with the orbit of its axis in such a way as to magnify its circumference and produce an oscillating isochronism. Who can say?

But in the days of the early salt wells there was a phenomena that has never been satisfactorily explained but which may have a bearing on the ebb and flow of the tides of Kanawha. In those days the salt wells and they were there by the hundreds, fifteen miles on either side of the stream, were bored by going from three to five hundred feet below the bed of the river. The surface water was then carefully excluded by copper pipes which were well wedged into the solid rock, and the result was that the salt water, the desirable c o m m e r c i a l fluid w o u l d at all times maintain a level with the river of fresh water. When the river rose, the salt water in the tube, maybe hundreds of feet from the the water edge would rise like mercury in a thermometer and would subside with the stage of water in the main river. This is given as a historical fact in sober histories, and is not more wonderful than the tides of Kanawha. It may have some bearing on the subject.

No one knows quite so much as [illegible] thinks he does, so do not dism[illegible] these dull scientific musings [illegible] dain.

The river was first named [illegible] Gen. Abraham Wood, and about [illegible] man there is high color and romance. He was about ten years old when he stowed himself away on a ship called the "Margaret and John," sailing out of old England and he was fixed on our shores at Hamden Roads in 1620. Up to 1645, he cannot be definitely traced, but he shows up in 1646 as the commander of Fort Henry an outpost of Virginia. It appears that from 1607 to 1644 that our pioneer ancestors never left the hearing of the sea, but that about 1644, the Indians killed so many of the first settlers, that it became necessary to fortify against them and that the plan was to erect strong forts at the falls of each of the rivers. Thus Fort Byrd was built at the falls of the James at Richmond, and that town was thus begun. Another was called Fort Henry at the falls of the Appomattox river, and that in time became the city of Petersburg. Wood commanded there. The Indians were subdued and westward the star of empire took its way. After a few years Virginia found it burdensome to maintain these forts and a bright idea was given to some ancient statesman, that these forts could be well treated as concessions to Indian traders, and in this way the watch and ward would be kept without expense to the state. And it was done.

Wood got Fort Henry. He had a wonderful trade with the Indians in south and west. He went through the woods at first himself, and I see no good reason to doubt that he reached the Great Kanawha in the year 1654, in person. That was the reason it was called Wood - river.

But in 1671, when Batts and Fallam were sent across the mountains. They said it was a pleasing though dreadful sight to see the mountains and hills as if piled one upon another. Best easy Captain Batts. It has the same effect today upon the lowlander.

Wood was a man of sixty one years and he was sending out agents to trade for him. Furs became a great source of gain. Dryden wrote in 1672:

Friend, once 'twas fame that led thee [illegible]

[illegible] found that it was fresh water, but he observed that it ebbed and flowed. Is reported that it was the same river that Batts and Fallam had visited higher up on its course.

When the Indians took in their furs to Fort Henry they took Arthur with them, and he was able to relate the fate of his companion, James Needham. Wood writes: "So died this heroyic Englishman whose fame shall never die if my penn were able to eternize it. He had adventured where never Englishman had dared to attempt before and with him died one hundred and fourty-foure pounds starling of my adventure with him. I wish I could have saved his life with ten times the vallue."

I am getting this Midland Trail and its history somewhat straightened out in what I am pleased to call my mind.

the Greenbrier. Then to the waters of Coal River, Paint Creek, and other waters of the New River.

The streams I had learned from the pioneer reports and the maps. One day Congressman Taylor and I were rolling down the Midland Trail and when we approached the town of Malden, we began to inquire for the burning Springs.

The Kellys Creek that I wrote about last week is still there. I wrote about it and then went to see it. The town of Cedar Grove is built there as is an old mansion house known as the Tompkins Place. The Journals of the officers in Dunmore's War would indicate that Kelly's cabin was almost exactly where the Tompkins house stands.

Col. Fleming says that nine miles below the mouth of Kellys Creek that the burning springs were to be found. He observed that they were on a high bank and consisted of two basins some three or four feet in diameter, and these were filled with water. When he came there he found the basins full of black water that had a greasy taste. It boiled and bubbled some three or four inches above the surface, without either emitting air or heat so far as he could see. The springs had no apparent outlet but the water seemed to escape by soaking through a fat-fish earth. From them there was a descent to a miry place of fat, black mud where there was a fallen tree and grass. The water as it boiled was black and had a slight sulphur smell.

He flashed a torch over the water at a distance of four or five inches and the flame communicated itself to the surface of the water and burned with surprising force, like a cooking fire of ash wood. After burning a long time the water heated and evaporated. After a time the party tried to put the fire out but was not able to do it. They piled grass on it and it consumed the grass.

The other day we could see no sign of the burning springs but we did not have much time to look for them. Two citizens resting by the road side said that they knew about as much about them as anyone and that they did not know whether they could be definitely located or not, but that tradition said that they were near a certain stump of a tree that stood near the river.

Another tradition says that in the olden times that it was a favorite place for boatmen to camp as they could cook by the fires.

Another ancient account says that the burning spring was about eighty yards from the river bank in aluvial soil. In 1842, in boring for salt, the depth of a thousand feet was reached. This was the record for a deep well at that time and a copper pipe was inserted to shut off the surface water. The salt water and gas flowed into the cistern sixty feet above the surface of the river. One well was obtained that spouted a stream of ...

... means the river of the woods. The trouble about the mutters that pass for words in a savage tribe is that they can be construed to mean almost anything, and the fate of the word lies in the ear of the hearer. The white men have almost a hundred ways to spell Seneca, and finally they adopted the spelling of the name of the ancient philosopher.

I got out my books to see if I could check up on the meaning of the word and it looks to me that it means the river of the great elms, and that is not so far from the river of the woods.

Now since I made a few observations about Batts and Fallam, last week I have been over that ground again, and I am about ready to abandon the northern route and come back to my first conclusion that they came over the southern route. It is somewhat puzzling to follow them. But it is possible. For they kept a journal of each day's travel, and I am about *ready* to adhere to the belief that they pursued a line of march along Indian paths conforming very closely to the line of the Virginian railway from Roanoke, Virginia, to Deepwater, West Virginia, only that they came to the Great Kanawha River at the falls. The terrian at the village of Kanawha Falls answers the particular description that Batts and Fallam give as to the place that they took possession of the Mississippi valley in the name of King Charles the Second.

When Batts and Fallam made a solemn *report* that the water in the Kanawha river ebbed and flowed with the tide, we took it for granted that they did not know what they were talking about, but when I got down there the other day, I found that there was a belief that there was some sort of an ebb and flow of the tide, but I do not feel at liberty at this time to give the name of the observers. But there are more things in this world than are dreamed of in your philosophy, Horatio! Therefore the attention of those uninteresting men, the exact scientists, is invited to this phenomena. I would not care to have the weight of such worlds of

They said it was a pleasing though dreadful sight to see the mountains and hills as if piled one upon another. Rest easy Captain Batts. It has the same effect today upon the lowlander.

Wood was a man of sixty one years and he was sending out agents to trade for him. Furs became a great source of gain. Dryden wrote in 1672:

Friend, once twas fame that led thee
forth,
To brave the tropic heat and frozen
north.
Late it was gold, then beauty was
the spur,
But now our gallants venture but for
fur.

One of Wood's agents captured by the Indians was horrified to see them singe the fur of a beaver to eat it, and that was somewhere in the neighborhood of the Shawnee towns in Ohio.

Wood was not on good terms with a tribe that lived on the Great Kanawha about fifty or sixty miles above its mouth. He called them the Monetons but who are classed as Mohetans, a cognate tribe of the Tutelo, the tribe of the great chief Nastybone. These Mohetans had moved over from Roanoke to the salt springs of Kanawha. Batts and Fallam found a bit of level land where they had once lived at the Falls of the Kanawha, but it was overgrown with locust, and other growth that causes some historians to put the expulsion of the Indians from the Western Waters in the year 1656, by the Five Nations. But be that as it may, a strong colony of Mohetan Indians still lingered around the Big Lick just above Charleston, for Batts and Fallam were afraid to go closer to them that the falls in 1671.

In 1674, Wood sent James Needham and Gabriel Arthur into the Indian country south of Fort Henry to trade, and they got along pretty well until some of the tribe of Indians went to the far south and were killed for their furs by white men. Needham was killed by the Indians in retaliation, and Arthur was tied to a stake and fire set around him, but at the last minute he was saved. He conformed to the life of the tribe and later he went a ten day journey on a visit to the Mohetans at the Big Lick. Here he was allowed to s... in the river several times and

master's mark

By JAMES J. KILPATRICK
Universal Press Syndicate

St. Pete Times 12-10-93-21

Every student of the writer's art, if he would polish his style, ought regularly to spend a little time in the company of Gibbon and Macaulay. What can these masters teach us? Cadence. It is the master's mark.

Consider, if you will, this sentence: "The various modes of worship which prevailed in the Roman world were all considered by the people as equally true; by the philosophers as equally false; and by the magistrate as equally useful."

Or this sentence: "Augustus was accustomed to boast that he had found his capital of brick, and that he had left it of marble."

the writer's art

Or this: "Before an assembly thus modelled and prepared, Augustus pronounced a studied oration, which displayed his patriotism and disguised his ambition."

GIBBON FASHIONED his sentences just as Mozart fashioned counterpoint. In the first example, the deliberate repetition of "equally" makes the sentence ring. In the second example, Gibbon employs the device of antithesis, setting "found" against "left" and "brick" against "marble." The same device brings sparkle to the third example. Note that each of the sentences meets a stern test of writing: This is writing that can be read aloud with pleasure.

So, too, with Macaulay. Here he *is* criticizing the works of Samuel Johnson: "All his books are written in a learned language, in a language which nobody hears from his mother or his nurse, in a language in which nobody ever quarrels, or drives bargains, or makes love, in a language in which nobody ever thinks."

And finally, from Macaulay's brilliant essay on the life of Warren Hastings, let us admire the perfection of a single sentence. Macaulay recounted the deal by which Hastings undertook to bribe Sir Elijah Impey, chief justice of Bengal, in order to halt the judge's excesses. "The bargain was struck; Bengal was saved; an appeal to force was averted; and the Chief Justice was rich, quiet, and infamous."

I DON'T MEAN to be pessimistic, but I suspect that a writer's gift of cadence, like a singer's gift of perfect pitch, is not something that can be acquired by book learning. Nevertheless, there are tricks of the trade that may be mastered by diligent effort. The devices of balance, of repetition, of parallelism, of deliberate rhythm, are devices that any of us can play with.

It helps to write poetry — sonnets, or limericks, or quatrains, or epics in the galloping meters of Robert W. Service. Your ear will improve with the discipline of rhyme; there's mighty little discipline in free verse. Cast a sentence. Recast it! Cast it yet again! Take the parts apart and put them back together. To bring off a super-sentence is a thrill. It's first of all hard work.

Virginia poet laureate, passed away at the age of 82. Ms. Pease, a native of Pocahontas County was sixteen when she first started writing poetry and dedicated most of her writing to the coal miners and the people of Appalachia. Her talent and her commitment to West Virginia state issues led then-Governor Jay Rockefeller, in 1971, to declare Pease West Virginia poet laureate, a title she kept till her death.

Early in her career, she sold poems to The Saturday Evening Post, for $5 a line. In 1931, she published her first collection of poems, "Mountain White." Since then, she has published six other books. Her last book, "Hill Daughter: New and Selected Poems," was published in 1991.

Ms. Pease graduated from Concord College in Athens, WV and afterward, taught History adn English. She received a master's degree from Miami University in Ohio and earned a doctorate from West Virginia University in Morgantown. She started teaching in a one-room schoolhouse and later became a professor at Potomac State College and Fairmont State College, before ending her thirty year career in teaching. While she was teaching, Ms. Pease also concentrated on writing fiction and poems for magazines.

Ms. Pease has been called "a true daughter of the Mountain State." Her poems about coal miners are regarded by many as a way to study and learn about West Virginia history. Ms. Pease's intellect and spiritual beliefs also can be detected through her words; in 1991, she stated, "I suppose all my books are touched by the earth, the feeling that I'm going to be bound to the earth. I may go on a long journey, but I will be back to the earth."

West Virginia has lost a truly admirable and talented woman who articulated the joys and challenges of Applaachian with such emotion that anyone who reads her poems will experience the passions of Appalachia's people. Louise McNeill Pease will be greatly missed.

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Notice---Belled Cows

It is against the law for cows t
run at large in the town of Marlinto
with bells on. The noise in the nigh
time disturbing sick and nervou
people.

R K. BURNS,
Chief of Police.

Notice to Cow Owners

In compliance with our town ordinance about cows, all cow owners are notified to pen their cow at night; no family to keep more than one cow, and all cows running at large to be without horns. Please comply with these regulations and save yourself trouble.

5-19-27 By Order of the Council.

Mother Cats Wanted

I expect to be in the market for mother cats with young kittens from 1 to 14 days old; the younger the better. Expect to need these cats from March 25 to April 30. Wrtte or phone me what you have.

W. C. Ruckman,
Millpoint, W. Va.

The sparkling streams that wend their ways
Through pleasant valleys, fair and bright,
Woods where the flickering sunbeam plays.
The peaks lit by the morning rays
That sweep away the night.—

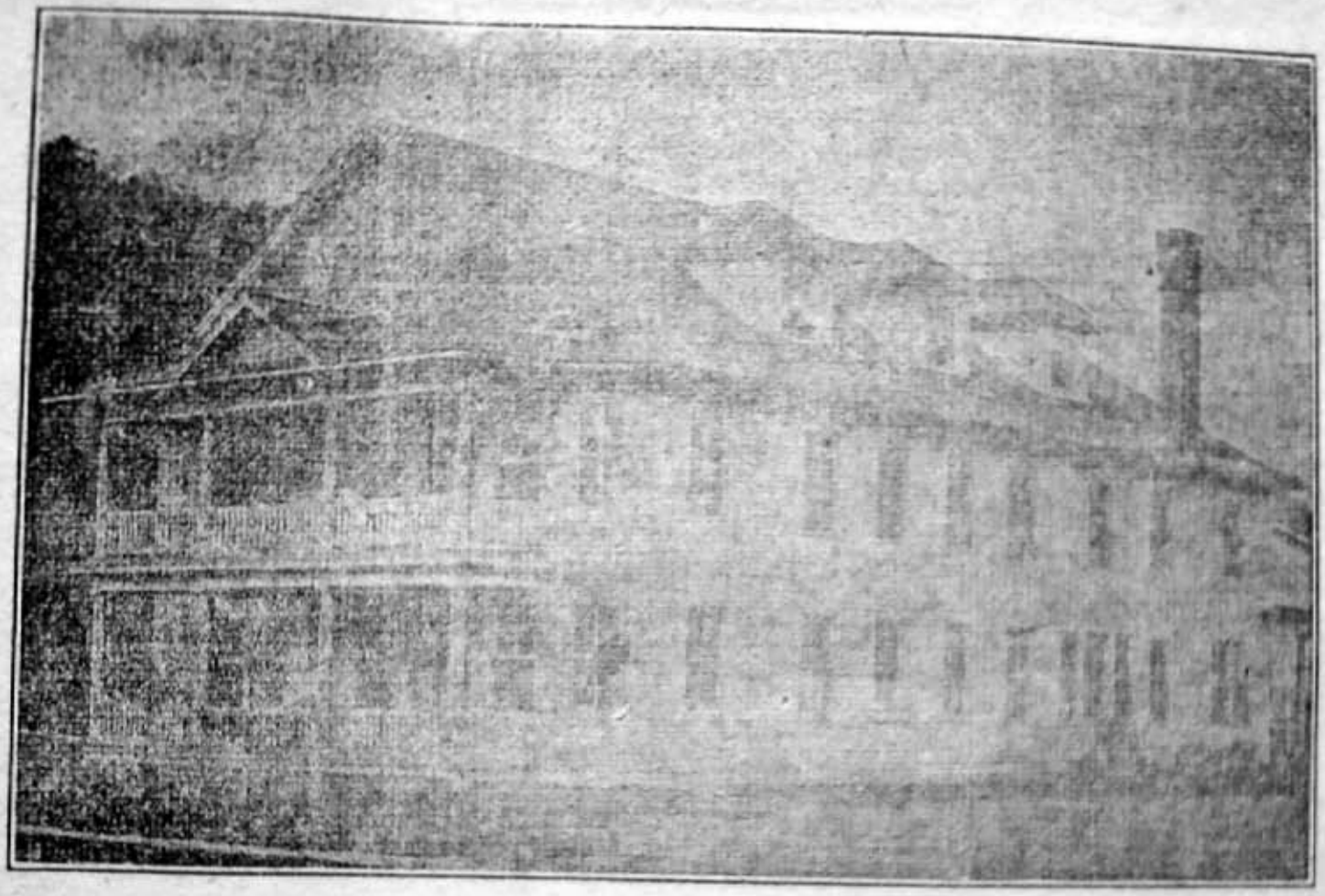
The cliff that rears its frowning face,
The driving snow, the storm's wild strife,
The somber, serried heights that space
The confines of a rugged race—
They weave a spell on life.

O West Virginia, thy good name,
Thy people breathe in love and pride,
The glory of thy days and fame,
Shines with a steady glowing flame.
Time cannot dim nor hide.

O mountaineers, who rule in stead
Of those who lived to make men free,
Each mountain top that lifts its head
Is towering o'er heroic dead,
Who left their work to thee.

The time may come and that not long,

The Marlinton Hospital and Sanitarium



J. W. Price, M. D. **Susan A. Price, M. D.**

Medical and Surgical Cases, Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Department; Glasses Fitted

Physicians invited to bring and treat their own cases, if they wish.

The Noted Salt - Sulphur Spring is in walking distance. This water is very similar to the famous Carlsbad Water of Germany, according to analysis, and arrangements for Baths will be made.

By Jack Preble, Jr, in Steubenville, Ohio Herald-Star

Last summer, during the week of July 3 8, we collected four rattle snakes in the Gauley, Yew and Alle ghany mountains of West Virginia and brought them home alive, buz zing and squirming. A week or so later we were fortunate in snaring two more of these deadly reptiles. like ships at sea, were honored with feminine names so that our captives

10-19-39

and a big pack of dogs went hunting for the varment on Middle Mountain. They routed him out and he struck out for Gauley Mountain. Howard Beale was waiting at the place the varmint had crossed Elk River in former chases. The animal came in full view of Mr Beale and he took three or four shots at it with a shot gun at long range. He drew blood but failed to knock it down. It went back to Middle Mountain and the dogs were not able to route it out again.

This wolf is a big able animal. with a bushy tail, curled at the end. It is gray in color, and looks as tho ugh it might weigh as much as a hun dred pounds.

The question now is where this wolf came from The last timber wolf in this region was killed by Stopher Hamrick forty years ago.

For over a year the wolf has been

age, giving the name of Joshua Coppersmith, has been arrested in New York for attempting to extort funds from ignorant and superstitious people by exhibiting a device which he says will convey the human voice any distance over metallic wires so that it will be heard by the listener at the other end. He calls the instrument a 'telephone,' which is obviously intended to imitate the word 'telegraph' and win the confidence of those who know of the success of the latter instrument without understanding the principles on which it is based.

"Well informed people know that it is possible to transmit the human voice over wires as may be done with dots and dashes and signals of the Morse code, and that, were it possible to do so, the thing would be of no practical value. The authorities who apprehended this criminal are to be congratulated, and it is to be

s, W. Va —On Tuesday nigh
at fifty members of the Ku Klu
n gathered at the Cass schoo
se and erected a 70 foot flag pole
night before they had dug th
and made other preparation
er the pole raising, they went t
town hall where they had a ban
.

11-24-

MR. MACE OF HOG MOUNTAIN

Paul Lake

When Mr. Rowell assigned each of the students in the two journalism classes a character sketch on a teacher, I thought it was going to be a routine assignment.

Was it?

Not for me it wasn't! I picked Mr. Mace as the teacher I was to interview.

He seemed like just any other better than average teacher, though I did detect a subtle sense of humor which has helped to liven up many history lectures. But I wasn't at all prepared for what took place at the interview which I had with him.

My first question was a simple one, "When were you born?"

Mr. Mace gazed out of the window and seemed to be turning the pages of his life back one by one. Then he told me that he was born in 1879 and that he was 88 years old.

My second question was "Where were you born?"

I believed him! (How can you doubt a man who's 88 years old?)

After these initial questions were answered, this wise old sage related to me the rest of his life.

He had a "normal childhood."

Unlike other people, Mr. Mace never had to learn to read and write. He was "born literate." The reason he knows on what day he was born is that he read it in the "Hog Mountain Chronicle."

Although for the first ten years of his life he lived in "a great big hollow tree." (They cooked outside, naturally.) He was quite a prodigy.

At the age of three he was making corn liquor from a still which he made himself. Later he helped his grandfather raise "balancing hogs."

He started his formal education at age 25.

He graduated from "The College of Hard Knocks" with honors and from there attended seven other universities.

Mr. Mace met his wife in jail. He was visiting a relative who was arrested for making "anti-freeze" and his future wife was there visiting a relative who was arrested for drinking "anti-freeze."

It wasn't love-at-first sight, though, they went together for 18 years before becoming engaged.

Mr. Mace now teaches history here at Edgewood and reigns in his home. He is "the master of his home" although

5-25-67

Dr. Reed Davis, Dean at West Virginia Institute of Technology at Montgomery, will speak to the Seniors of Marlinton High School at their Commencement on Thursday

(Say thirty, forty years)
You never saw your sweetheart's
limbs,
But judged her by her ears?
The kids were washed each Saturday
night,
Their daddy cut their hair,
Their suits were made from uncle's
pants.
They wore no underwear.
Women padded but didn't paint.
Nor smoke, nor drink nor vote
The men wore boots and small stiff
hats
And whiskers like a goat.
Not a soul had appendicitis,
Nor thought of buying glands;
The butcher gave his liver away
But charged you for his hams,
You never had a bank account,
Your beer scored six per cent.
The hired girl got three bucks a week
And twelve bones paid the rent.—An
old newspaper clipping sent in by

CALVIN W. PRICE, EDITOR

THURSDAY, AUG. 24, 1950

They Sent It In

After your dog is eight years old, treat him as an old servant who has served you well and and faithfully. Speak just a little more softly to him, let him take just a little more time getting up stairs, cut his food just a little more finely, as his tail wags heavily in appreeiation, for that is much easier than for him to bound to you and leap up in joy as often he was known to do. Have a thought in memory for the young years of serving he gave you without a whimper of regret. You are his last hold on

HONEY

We don't mean to go into the doctoring business but we want to pass along a home remedy. Stanley Loudermilk was in this week and said everyone was asking about how much honey and vinegar to take for arthritis and various ailments and he wanted some little cards printed so he would have them handy for his friends. He says this past summer he visited Clyde Friddle, in Moorefield, who is a young 86 and as spry and supple as a much younger man. Mr. Friddle, widely known throughout the eastern part of the state, has 109 colonies of bees. Every night for 40 years he has taken a glass of water with vinegar and honey

Of course, Mr. Loudermilk proudly added, our white lynn honey is far superior to the honey of that area, made from blue thistle, etc.

What started all this right now was the Buckeye Sunday School Class had a card from Rev. and Mrs. Ray and they were telling that the vinegar and honey was helping his arthritis so much. A few years back we read a book by a New England doctor and he credited the long life span of Vermonters to the cider vinegar and honey, also cranberry juice, that the natives used. In fact, he said it would help most any ailment, and make you feel better even if you had no ailments

Back to the recipe. One glass of water, three table-

Lively, at Orchard, this county, will be unveiled with appropriate ceremonies, under the auspices of the Daughters of the American Revolution, of Bluefield. One, a government marker, is for the grave of Cottrell Lively, a soldier of the American Revolution; the other is for Mrs. Ann Morris Maddy Parsons, sister of Robert Morris, the great financier of the American Revolution.

Cottrell Lively enlisted in the Continental army when a lad of sixteen, from Albemarle county, Virginia, and after the close of the war emigrated to Monroe county (then Greenbrier), married Sarah Maddy, daughter of Mrs. Ann Morris Maddy Parsons, and settled on what is still known as the old Lively Place. This home descended to his son, Col. Wilson Lively, but after his death at the close of the Civil War, it was burned. L. M. Lively, a grandson of Wilson Lively and great grandson of Cottrell Lively, later acquired the land and rebuilt the home

These pioneer settlers, Cottrell Lively and Mrs. Ann Morris Maddy Parsons, left many descendants, some of whom still reside in Monroe and adjoining counties, who will be interested in the exercises on August 31st. All are cordially invited to be present, bring their lunch and make the occasion a picnic family reunion.

Mrs. Ella Lively Kesler of Lowell, West Virginia, is preparing a paper on the "Lively Family," and Mrs. Bettie Lively Holroyd, of Athens, a paper on "Ann Morris Maddy Parsons." Both of these ladies will be glad to receive any family history or information relative to their subjects E. L. Hively of Fairmont, will make the principal address.

Mrs. Rose Lively Arnett of Gray, Oklahoma; Mrs. Pink Lively McNeer of Los Angeles, Calif., Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Lively of Roanoke, Virginia; Mrs. Nannie Lively Blankenship of Radford, Virginia, Richard Lively of Oklahoma, and Judge Frank Lively, of Charleston, are some of the de-

The Trail of the Lonesome Pine

On a mountain in Virginia
Stands a lonesome pine,
Just below is the cabin home
Of a little girl of mine;
Her name is June, and very, very soon
She'll belong to me,
For I know she's waiting there for me,
'Neath that lone pine-tree.

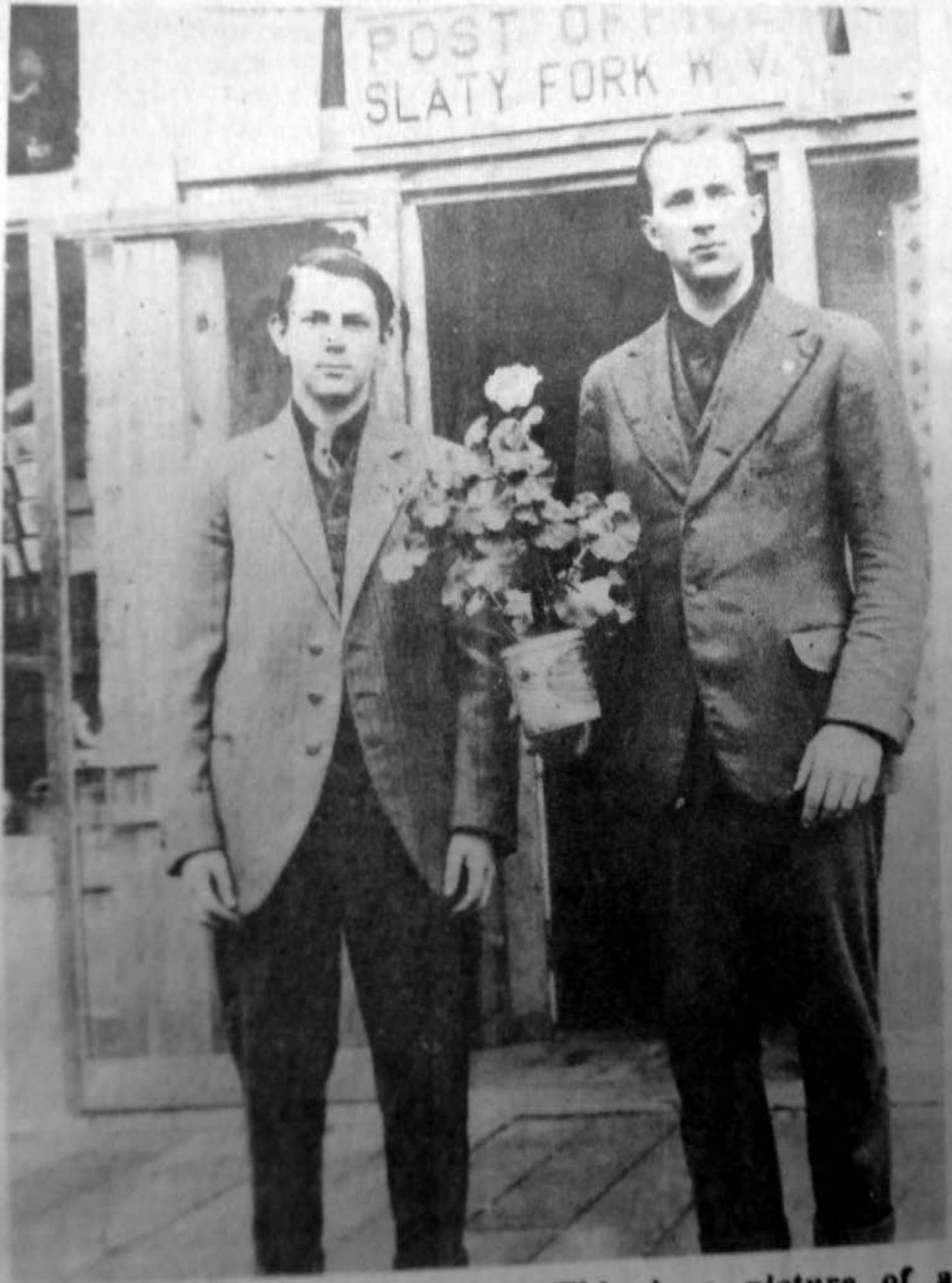
Chorus
In the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia,
On the trail of the lonesome pine,
In the pale moonshine our hearts entwine,
Where she carved her name and I carved mine;
O June! like the mountains I'm blue, like the pine
I am lonesome for you;
In the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia,
On the trail of the lonesome pine.

I can hear the tinkling waterfall
Far among the hills,
Bluebirds sing, each so merrily
To his mate in rapture-trills;
They seem to say: "Your June is lonesome, too,
Longing fills her eyes;
She is waiting for you patiently
Where the pine-tree sighs."
Chorus

Hearth and Home 1-1-28.

Seneca Trail P. T. A.

The Seneca Trail Parent-Teachers met Friday night. Devotionals were held by Mrs Robert Gibson. An important feature of the program was a music recital by Joe Compolio and his music class. C C. Beale gave an interesting report concerning electricity for the community. Miss Lucille Bright talked on the subject of "Teaching Economics to Children." A special song was sung by the boys and girls of the second snd third grades. Refreshments were served by the 4 H Club girls.



Do you know these men? This is a picture of a

Before the Days of th

It's the age of the specialist in everything—in teaching also. Today, the schools have guidance counselors, supervisors, music teachers, biologists, reading specialists, etc. But time was when the teacher was all things to all people.

I was once one of those teachers—all things to all people.

I taught in the heart of the West Virginia coal mining region, and I was "Teach" to the little sons of the first generation Americans there.

"Teach, come out and play ball with us. Teach, take us for a walk and picnic."

As Teach, I followed a variegated career: 57 different varieties of duties, all the things an "old-fashioned school teacher" had to do. Let me give you a few examples. . . .

When I began teaching civics, history, and physical education in Fairmont, W. Va., a teacher was expected to turn his hand to anything from home economics to plumbing. And I frequently did.

The manual arts teacher disappeared, and overnight I found myself in a world of bits, lathes, and junior electronics. I learned on the job for two weeks and then suddenly was handed the job of putting electrical outlets in all the schoolrooms so radio programs could be received.

It was not ours to reason why, so I pressed a student assistant, Marvin, into service (this was the depression '30s) and started a survey of the wiring in the attic. I left my assistant close to the chimney and started walking toward the [illegible]

all the way out and rescue Marvin. He was all right and lay on the floor and coughed while I ran next door for help to revive the teacher.

All in all, it made me wish I was a specialist who could stick to teaching. But when the hospital reported that Marvin had no internal injuries, I began to believe it and to relax. Anyway, it kept the dull times off for the first grade and for the teacher—who still wouldn't speak to me for a long time. I did get those outlets in though.

I have always preached to my classes that a teacher must be firm but fair, and I preached it once too often.

About the Author

Patrick A. Tork, author of this article, is professor of physical education at the University of West Virginia.

Professor Tork

But before joining the university staff, he taught 14 years in the Marion County school system in West Virginia—the locale of these reminiscences.

Professor Tork also is the father of Marine Lt. Dave Tork, who held the world pole vault record (16 feet, 2 inches) at one time this year.

Professor Tork's recollections were printed originally in the Charleston (W. Va.) Sunday Gazette-Mail, and appear in The National Observer by special arrangement.

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It was not ours to reason why, so I pressed a student assistant, Marvin, into service (this was the depression '30s) and started a survey of the wiring in the attic. I left my assistant close to the chimney and started walking toward the slanting eaves through the must and dust of the 80-year-old attic. Four paces forward and all hell broke loose. I whipped around to see clouds of dust pouring up near the chimney and no assistant.

A great roar and bellowing poured up an old air shaft along with choking clouds of dust. Feeling my student was dead and feeling doubly guilty, I rushed down the stairs to the first floor and into the first grade.

The young teacher had fainted across the desk into a mess of splayed primers and washable ink.

The students paid no attention to her. They were standing, shoulders crouched, gaping incredulously to the left, held in rigid awe and silence by the black figure rising magically and wordlessly from the black clouds pouring out of the half-opened air vent.

I was anxious to prevent a mob rush for the door. It took me a minute to get the air vent pulled all the way out and rescue Marvin. He was all right and lay on the floor and coughed while I ran next door for help to revive the teacher.

All in all, it made me wish I was a specialist who could stick to teaching. But when the hospital reported that Marvin had no internal injuries, I began to believe it and to relax. Anyway, it kept the dull times off for the first grade and for the teacher—who still wouldn't speak to me for a long time. I did get those outlets in though.

I have always preached to my classes that a teacher must be firm but fair, and I preached it once too often.

I had a health class meeting during the last period each Friday. There were 40 ninth-grade boys who were instructed to bring their books to the class . . . .

At the first class 30 boys forgot their books. I laid down an iron-clad rule—from now on anyone forgetting collects one swat from a paddle (I never gave a boy more than one lick). Twenty boys showed up the next class without books. I lined them up, and there were 20 resounding whacks.

They took their medicine fine. At the next class there were only five forgetters and five swats. Then none.

This worked fine till the day I rushed from gym class to the health class. I whizzed in to my desk, sat down, and reached in my pocket for my keys to my desk. No keys. I searched desperately through all my pockets. No keys. Forty boys were looking at me with the fixity of a bird dog pointing quail. Unnerved, I mumbled, "I believe I've forgotten my keys."

Scottie, my prize student, rose from his seat, walked to the front of the room, and said:

"Mr. Tork, I believe we have certain rules and regulations in this class."

I ran tongue over my dry lips and replied, "Scottie, I'm afraid you're right."

"I don't think there's any need for fur-

Professor Tork

Virginia—the locale of these reminiscences.

Professor Tork also is the father of Marine Lt. Dave Tork, who held the world pole vault record (16 feet, 2 inches) at one time this year.

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Teacher Tork's Days in the Schoolroom

of the Specialist, 'Teach' Was

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West Vir-

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ther conversation, Mr. Tork." Scottie walked to the cabinet and got out my paddle. I never saw such good attention in class. Their eyes never left me. You could have run a hamburger cart right through there without distracting their attention. I've never had such control again. I got up from the desk, spread my coattails, and bent over. I felt like Sidney Carton mounting the guillotine. Scottie locked both hands tightly around the paddle and hit me a terrific whack. You know, I've never had any book or key troubles since.

In the old days there was a distinct spirit of camaraderie among the teachers, who were all things to all men—a spirit that is not quite as evident today in our era of guidance counselors, statistical specialists, and other experts. This was a fine spirit, and it didn't do to trifle with it, as I found to my grief.

One day, early in my career, I stumbled by chance on an odd protective custom of the teachers.

Whenever the superintendent of schools, a sternly Jovian figure, came to inspect the classes, the first teacher to spot him would send a student with an eraser to the first grade. The first grade teacher in turn would send it on to the second grade teacher, and so on until it raced through the nine grades and all the teachers were on their guard against a possible visitation from "ol' Fuss and Feathers," their pri-

One of the students had told on me, and with the aid of the janitor the teachers had deluged me. I looked pretty stupid that day teaching history and civics in my gym suit, but at least it was dry. And the water cure cured me permanently of "passing the eraser."

In an age of non-specialists the teacher performed many an intimate duty that a graduate of our colleges of education today would probably balk at. The first-grade teacher had a little boy pupil who was very dirty, never took a bath, and carried about him an odor that lifted the noses of the class. Finally in desperation the teacher asked me to bathe him.

Feeling somewhat reluctant, I took the little chap to the shower room and stripped him, thinking what a multitude of duties a teacher's job involved. I turned the shower on, but the boy wouldn't go near the water. I tried to shove him under; but he fought like a professional football tackle, getting me under the shower in the process.

Finally I had to strip down and hold him under the shower. But when he finally came out he was as clean and immaculate as an operating room.

Thereafter, every time this youngster saw me he grinned up eagerly—"Mr. Tork, let's we take a shower." His conversion and immersion were sudden but complete.

Then there is the ever-ready problem of discipline. Today, a teacher would not dare lay a hand on a child in reprimand, even if he were defended by a battery of Harvard legal talent. Things were a little easier in the old days.

I recall walking through the hall one day years ago at the noon hour and hearing Frank, one of our eighth grade boys, blessing out in the crudest terms the sixth grade teacher who was monitor-

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The teachers dreaded a visitation from him, felt it to be a harrowing experience.

In my youthful ardor, I found this situation irresistible. From time to time, I would swear a student to secrecy and get him to start an eraser around when the superintendent wasn't within 20 miles of the building.

For a month, this really kept them on edge, and they puzzled no end over this rash of pass-the-eraser incidents. For a month I was secure in my pride as a practical joker and I felt I could continue upsetting the distraught teachers indefinitely.

It was fine until the morning I found my office door partially open; I pushed in, and had to swim out. A huge bucket of water rigged on the top of the door scored a bull's-eye on my head drenching me completely and soppingly and banging my skull with a loud resonant ring, which I couldn't hear because there were seven teachers and a janitor there in my office laughing and laughing.

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I recall walking through the hall one day years ago at the noon hour and hearing Frank, one of our eighth grade boys, blessing out in the crudest terms the sixth grade teacher who was monitoring the hall. His ugly words seemed such an affront to the woman that I turned immediately and grabbed Frank by the shoulders and shook him and lectured him and shook him again until his shirt split at the shoulders. As soon as he got away, he raced down the hall seeding the air with hot language and threats.

"My dad'll get ya' for this. You better buy me a new shirt."

Sure enough, an hour later the principal called me into his office. Frank's dad was there and wanted to see me. After he got through a five-minute tirade, I finally got a chance to speak.

"Now let me explain a minute, Mr. Doe. You want people to respect your wife. You have a daughter here in school. You want the boys to respect her, don't you?"

He agreed, reluctantly.

"But that's what your son didn't do. He used language to the teacher that was ugly and abusive. You want your boy to be courteous and a gentleman. That's why you're sending him here." I went on in this vein, and he gradually quieted down. "Now, I'm sorry about Frank's shirt, and I'll be glad to buy him a new one."

Mr. Doe thought for a few seconds,

Was an Odd-Job Man

then he picked up his miner's cap from the principal's desk and waved his hand deprecatingly.

"Mr. Tork, if Frank do that again, you kick hell outa him."

Today, Frank is a stellar citizen. Incidentally, I didn't have to buy him a new shirt.

But there were, of course, many poignant experiences that occurred while I taught these children of the coal miners, railroaders, and professional people. Some were so painful I cannot bear to recount them now.

Let me relate one incident to represent them all.

I once had a fifth-grade student named Charley, who lived in a coal mining camp two miles from our school. He was a fine boy, intelligent and blessed with a graceful, strong body. He was my favorite student and such a remarkable natural athlete that I had hopes of his moving into professional baseball and making a career of it and thus helping his family —a number of West Virginia boys have done this.

One day his mother sent him to the company store for groceries. A coal train had stopped on the tracks in front of the store. Charley was in a hurry, and he climbed up on the couplers to get to the other side. Just as he reached the top of the car couplers, the train started with a sharp jerk and toppled Charley down between the tracks. His left arm fell across the rail, and the train wheels passed over it. He reached with his right hand to pull it off and the wheel passed over two fingers of his right hand. He lay on his back until 60 coal cars had passed over him, then got up, picked up his severed arm, and walked home with red arterial blood spurting out from the mutilated stump.

By one of those miracles no one can really explain, Charley eventually got

Schaus, head coach of the Los Angeles Lakers, wrote to me, "I played golf yesterday with Johnnie McKay, head football coach of the University of Southern California in Los Angeles. He told me how instrumental you were to his success through your encouraging him to continue his education."

I remember Johnnie as he was when I had him from the first through the ninth grade in the Fairmont public school system. And I rejoice at his success.

I remember also a knock on my door one night long after midnight during World War II. I opened it with the uncertainty one felt in those days. Young Billy stood there in his navy uniform. Billy had been a good pupil of mine. He wouldn't come in, but stood for a few minutes under the bleak porch light. He had been on the USS Hornet and was one of the few survivors when it was sunk by the Japanese in the Pacific. He had been through a lot, and it weighed on his mind; he knew I was concerned about him, so he stopped to speak to me even before he reached his own home.

There were strong personal ties between teacher and pupil in those days.

But today this personal attention is impossible. Specialization has nullified it. We must now have guidance counselors whose special work is to handle the personal problems of the students. IBM machines teach children language in language laboratories. All is glorious, mechanical.

No doubt this is necessary. No longer teachers of academic subjects no

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By one of those miracles no one can really explain, Charley eventually got well. I taught him up through the ninth grade. He was one of the nicest boys I have ever taught. By another miracle, which I suppose you can partially explain by spirit, Charley became the school softball pitcher, played basketball, and developed into an outstanding tumbler. He could do more with one arm and three fingers than most boys of whole bodies.

He remains one of the most courageous persons I have ever known.

So now I take the backward look, a glance back over 30 years of teaching. I see not a blurred mass of faces but individual students, boys and girls with individual problems, problems I have helped solve, feeling a kind of wonder at seeing a little way into the strangeness of a mind and soul developing. Each student's problem became a special case; none was unimportant.

There is a great pride, too, coming from this teacher-student relationship, a pride that swells up when a young man or woman, now running strongly and successfully in the race of life, pauses long enough to remind you of how you helped in their difficult times.

I felt this pride recently when Fred

uniform. Billy had been a good pupil of mine. He wouldn't come in, but stood for a few minutes under the bleak porch light. He had been on the USS Hornet and was one of the few survivors when it was sunk by the Japanese in the Pacific. He had been through a lot, and it weighed on his mind; he knew I was concerned about him, so he stopped to speak to me even before he reached his own home.

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No doubt this is necessary. No doubt teachers of academic subjects no longer have the time to devote to the problems of each student. But something irreplaceable has been lost here; namely that rapport between student and teacher, which in the old days was at the very heart of the learning process.

Who can imagine a clutch of grubby fifth-grade urchins running up to a squat IBM machine and chanting, "Tech, come out and play ball with us," or "Teach, take us for a walk and picnic today."

Now that I teach in a university, I look back at the long diminishing corridor of innumerable students. Thousands of their faces line the long corridor of time running back to 1929, my first year as a teacher. These faces have cost me thousands of dollars—dollars I would have made in the very lucrative positions offered me from time to time if I would abandon teaching. I was tempted; but I did not fall. I have never regretted it. It's far better than being a millionaire, this being "Teach."

And I hope that in 1990 some lad who is 20 now will be writing with this same satisfaction his own, "Confessions of an Old-fashioned School Teacher."

Mother's Day, and I consider it a great pleasure to again be permitted to name such a day. The manner in which this day has heretofore been observed throughout the State is evidence of its popularity and the high regard in which we hold the noblest, purest and tenderest of all love—a Mother's. To show our appreciation of this great love, and to pay tribute to our Mothers.

I, William E. Glasscock, Governor of the State of West Virginia, do hereby set apart Sunday, May 14, 1911, to be observed by all the Churches as Mother's Day, and request that on that day all peasons attend divine worship and wear a white carnation as an emblem of her purity and devotion.

Given under my hand and the Less Seal of the State, at the Capitol, in the City of Charleston,

for two years fell dead before two high-powered rifle bullets high up in the mountains 10 miles north of Warm Springs, Thursday and its carcass to be mounted for a wealthy sportsman, attracted wide attention in Salem.

There is an interesting story behind the killing of this beautiful but blood thirsty creature which, according to William Hite, Bath county game warden, must have killed over 100 sheep and many deer.

Seventeen hunters, Bath county farmers, set out Thursday morning under Hite to track down the wolf. Snow covered the ground and the animal could be tracked easily. The party found the carcasses of 13 deer which the wolf had killed, two or three of them just a few days previous.

"One of these deer must have

party found the carcasses of 15 deer which the wolf had killed, two or three of them just a few days previous.

"One of these deer must have been killed within 40 steps after it was attacked by the wolf," Hite relates. "It was the most destructive animal I have ever had in my county." He has been game warden 17 years.

The party went up near a valley in Back Creek Mountain where the wolf was known to stay. Five of the men with dogs started through the valley to drive out the wolf, the others scattered around the territory to lay wait for him.

Suddenly the dogs took up the wolf's trail. A few minutes later he was routed and one of the party, Francis Liptrap shot him under the jaw with a high-powered rifle.

Still the wolf fought on. He was chased two miles before he came up

chased two miles before he came up on one of the stationed men, C C. Hodges, who finally killed the animal with a bullet through the body just behind the shoulders.

The game warden gives credit to two things in killing the wolf since several previous attempts had failed It even got so bad that the farmers were going out whenever they had a few hours to spare looking for him.

One, dogs were used for the first time. Second, as the game warden kidded, a $25 bounty was placed on the killer

The wolf, described by the game warden as a "gray timber wolf, attracted considerable attention as it lay on the sidewalk in fron of the Hotel Fort Lewis in Salem. The game warden, who came to Salem to confer with a forestry service

Hotel Fort Lewis in Salem. The game warden, who came to Salem to confer with a forestry service supervisor, brought it with him.

He says that the $25 bounty is to be divided among the men. The wolf was bought from the party by Kenneth E. Ellis, Hot Springs. The game warden said that he plans to take it by a Covington taxidermist on his way home.

The wolf was known throughout the countryside as "Old Lobo," a name pinned on him by the game warden, because the killer had one of the characteristics of the Lobo wolf, a species that lives and hunts alone.

Long before the wolf was ever spotted the game warden said that he was confident that it was a wolf and not a dog. He explains that

STATE ROAD COMMISSION
OF WEST VIRGINIA

TITLE NUMBER

CERTIFICATE OF TITLE OF A MOTOR VEHICLE

I, C. E. Hiner, Commissioner in charge of Motor Vehicles of the State of West Virginia, do hereby certify, pursuant to the provisions of Chapter 14 of the Acts of the Legislature of 1925, Regular Session, that an application has been made to the State Road Commission of West Virginia as by said Act prescribed for a certificate of title of a motor vehicle as follows:

MAKE	BODY	ORIGINALLY TITLED	ENGINE No.	SERIAL No.	TONS H.P.	WEIGHT OF VEHICLE	DATE
FORD	NEW TOUR.		1924	E-9347015	22.5	1002	OCT. 1, 1925

DAVIS MACE

SLATY FORK, W.VA.

T-13446

And that the applicant has stated under oath that said motor vehicle is subject to the following liens, and none other:

AMOUNT	KIND	DATE	FAVOR OF

I do further certify that I have used reasonable diligence in ascertaining whether or not the facts stated in said application for a certificate of title are true, and that I am satisfied that the applicant is the lawful owner of the above described motor vehicle or is otherwise entitled to have the same registered in his name.

Wherefore, I do hereby certify that the above named applicant has been duly registered in the office of the State Road Commission of West Virginia as the lawful owner of the above described motor vehicle, or is otherwise entitled to have the same registered in his name, and that it appears upon the official records of the office of the State Road Commission of West Virginia that at the date of the issuance of this certificate said motor vehicle is subject to the liens hereinbefore enumerated, if any, and none other.

In Witness my hand and the seal of the State Road Commission of West Virginia the day and year set opposite the name of the applicant in the aforegoing certificate.

C. E. Hiner

COMMISSIONER IN CHARGE OF MOTOR VEHICLES

MOTOR VEHICLE REGISTRATION, STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA

The accompanying number plates have been assigned to the addressee named hereon, to be used on a Pneumatic Tire Motor Vehicle as described below for the year ending December 31, 1932.

1932

STATE ROAD COMMISSION
OF WEST VIRGINIA.

MAKE BODY	YEAR MODEL	SERIAL No. MOTOR No.	WEIGHT CAPACITY	TITLE No. TIRES
FORD TOUR.	24	9347816	1662	13446

DAVIS MACE

SLATY FORK. POCA. CO. W. VA.

13.00

This card does not license holder to operate a motor vehicle, but must always be carried in the car.

CLASS "A"

Automobile Certificate

WEST VIRGINIA

CHARLESTON JAN 10 3 PM 1925 W.VA.

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s certifies that the addressee has regis-
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P. Thorney.

Chairman, State Road Commission

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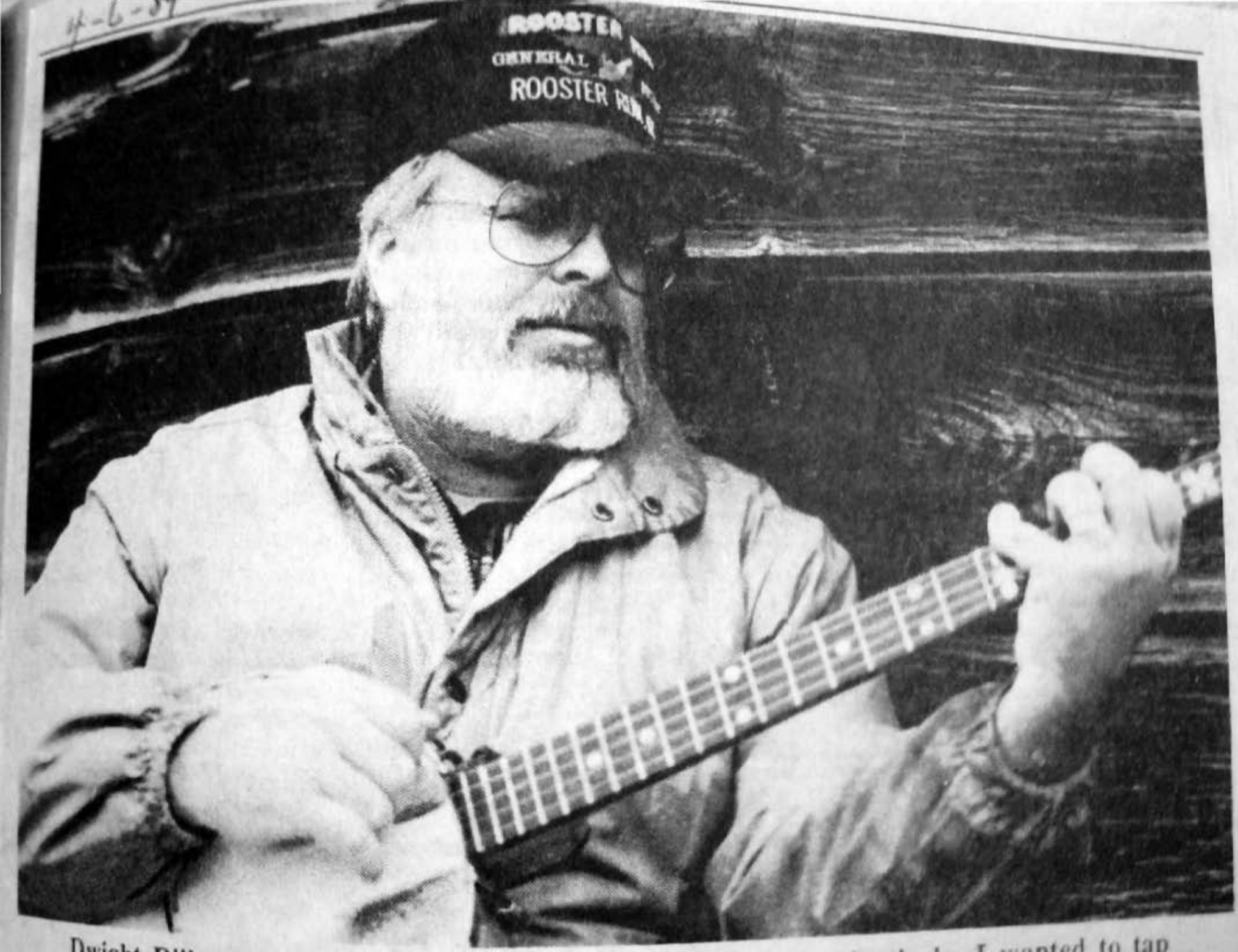
E FIRST NATIONAL B

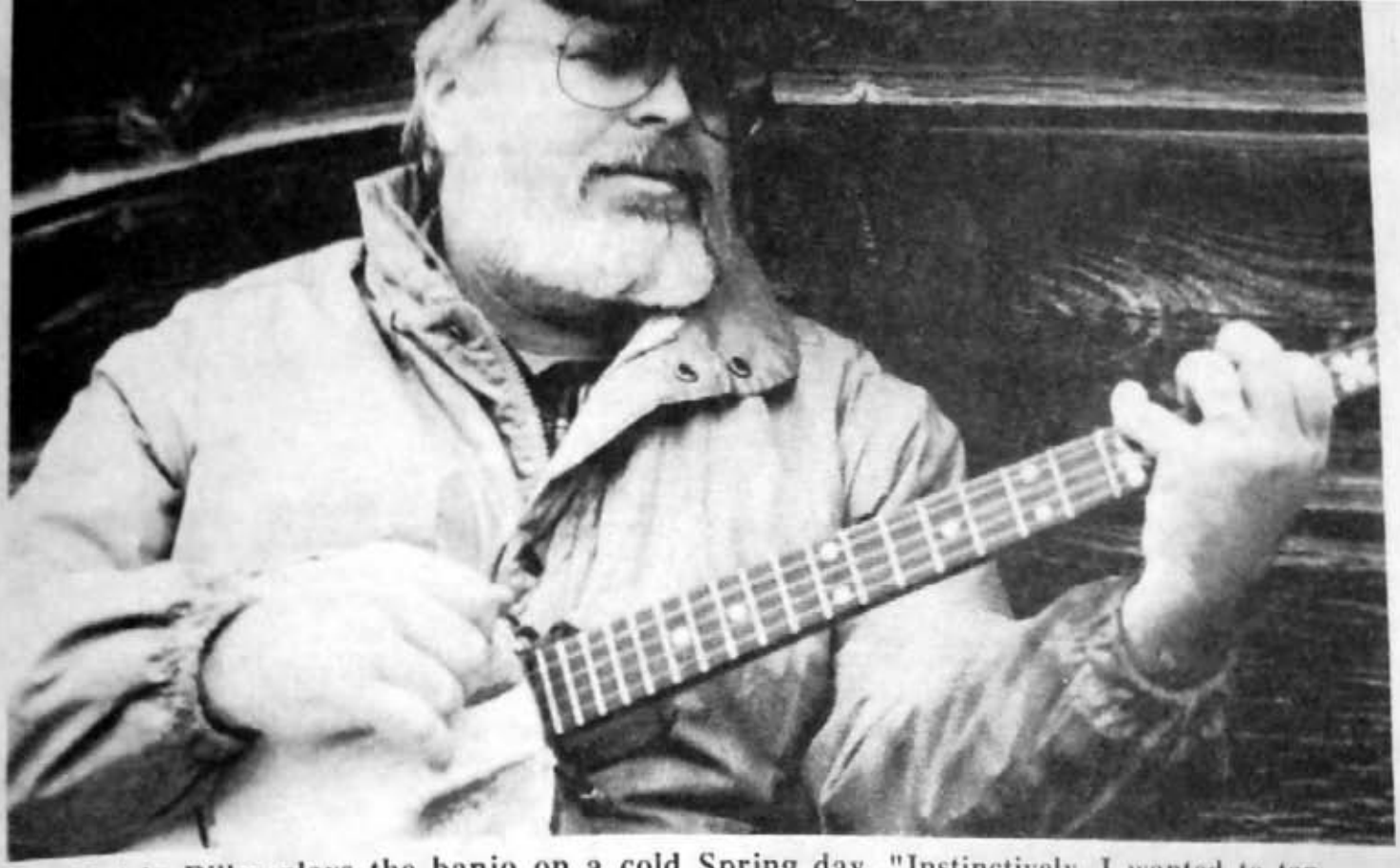
J. H. Baxter

Hundred & Eighty two

Full Dollars



Dwight Diller plays the banjo on a cold Spring day. "Instinctively, I wanted to tap into something old
the 19th century."



Dwight Diller plays the banjo on a cold Spring day. "Instinctively, I wanted to tap into something older, something that went back into the 19th century."

Banjos, History and Survival

When Dwight Diller learned to play the clawhammer banjo he wanted to do more than bring a little music into his life; he was looking for a connection to his Pocahontas County roots.

"I had grown up here but didn't really know anything about the culture," Diller said. "So in 1968 I borrowed a banjo from W.L. Dilley, dug up a tape recorder and the first person I went to visit was Hamp Carpenter (now deceased) of Cook Town (near Marlinton)."

Diller also visited Delmar Dilley in the Brush Country and the Hammons Family on Williams River and at Stillwell. His association with the Hammonses led to a study of the family by Carl Fleischauer and Alan Jabbour of the Library of Congress. Out of that came a two-album collection of the Hammons's music and stories and a companion book all titled *The Hammons Family: A Study of a West Virginia Family's Traditions.*

The Hammonses - Sherman, Burl, Maggie, and seven other brothers and sisters and James, a cousin - were tapped into the 19th century and continued to live in the 20th century in a 19th century manner, Diller said. "They have added a lot to the repertory of traditional Appalachian music. Maggie sang a song which folklorists thought never made it across the ocean."

Now, Diller teaches [illegible] professionals. "They're looking for stability," he said. They have the material things and the lifestyle they thought they wanted, he explained, but there's still something missing.

Diller sees this post-WWII-generation's revival of interest in the 19th century as part of a historical trend. He said that as he studied evangelism and church planting in seminary from 1984 to 1987 he saw how one generation will begin to move away from its roots. The next generation will deny its roots, and the third generation will skip back and search for those roots.

"When stories are handed down orally they become more than a story," Diller said, explaining how the stories in old-time music offer stability. "First, they interpret the culture. Second, they say that there are enemies in our lives."

"The stories say, 'We have prevailed over these enemies because we have followed these patterns.'" The Hammonses had a lot of stories about panthers; in other area the stories were about Indians, he said. Regardless of the enemy, the stories give a sense of security in an uncertain world by showing how ancestors survived. "Modern music and television don't do that," he said.

Diller has also released a cassette of neo-orthodox old-time music called *Hold On!* on which he plays both banjo and fiddle. He calls his music "neo-orthodox" because it is not exactly like that the Hammons Family played and sang. "You have to take [illegible] life experiences and cross them with [illegible] that is alive," he

THE POCAHONTAS TIMES

Entered at the Postoffice at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter

CALVIN W. PRICE, EDITOR.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY ,1926

The moving finger writes and having writ, means one more subject that it has to quit, my public reads and understands, but having read will have no more of it.

Ask any preacher, poet, orator, writer or cook and you will hear that the most difficult matter is to think of something to set before them. The garnishment does not amount to so much but it is hard to find a subject. I thought before I was married that in a state of collaberation that I would at least be furnished subjects along the primrose path of alliance. Then I got married the other day—twenty-nine years ago to be more exact—and I must say that it resulted only in a training of what subjects to avoid.

Quite a lot of subjects are found in the dictionary ranging from A to zymurgy but none of them seemed to bring forth fruit. That zymurgy intrigued me for a moment relating as it does to that branch of misapplied chemistry which has to do with fermentation and the eradication of the dandelion, being one of the Volstead frontiers, where the heart is wicked and the spirit weak.

The paper comes out on Wednesday just before supper and that reminds me that it is time to gird up my lyings and get ready for the next stunt, and get a start somewhere on the lane that keeps on turning. This last week seemed about as barren as any period of incubation that I have ever experienced. But one day a stranger asked me. Where is the mouth of Stony Creek? Then it came to me that there was a man who did not know where was the mouth of Stony Creek, and that it was altogether possible that in this broad land of ours that there are others who did not know about the mouth of Stony Creek. Strange, too, when it is considered that it is one of our oldest creeks, much older than Knapps Creek [illegible]

decided that they needed more power and they ran a spur ditch to the mouth of the creek to take in water from the river, but there was something wrong with the engineering end of the project, for when the new ditch was opened, not only did no water come in from the river, but all the power that they were getting from Stony Creek ran through the new ditch into the river and they had to block it up again. And so the plantations rang with the report of them inventors trying to make water run up hill. I think they must have spurred them considerably. One old timer told me forty years years ago that when they were guying them, that my grandfather remarked: "Where there is much ignorance there is much prejudice." "Well," I asked, "what did they say to that?" "Oh, they just laughed."

When I can first remember there was a sugar grove at the mouth of the creek, and when the big snow of 1881 fell, that the man was writing about the other day, it got so deep and stayed so long, and had such a crust on it, that cattle traveled around on top of it. That year this sugar grove was sacrificed to save the cattle, and it was cut for browse. The next year when the snow went off the stumps stood six to eight feet high. These stumps were white. The cattle had peeled them, or the axemen.

The man was right about the big snow of 1881. The notable snow of 1890 is the big snow, but it could not compare with the winter of 1881 for severity.

Indian Draft is a branch of Stony Creek coming in a quarter of a mile above its mouth. It is so called because the Indian parties that came into this community debouched from the mouth of that draft on the old war path. I have talked to men, Captain J. C. Gay, and others, who could remember when occasional parties of Indians travelled the old trail when they came east to visit the Great White Father at Washington. Children in that day and time being reared on stories of massacres in the Revolution days were always looking for raids from the Indians. G. M. Kee told me that he heard about the attack on Fort Drinnen at the mouth

war party to slay down to this And this was the closest th Indians raided to Staunton th The next year when they ca they got over in the Valley ginia and killed many person

There is another interest developed by that Preston re Indian victims. It shows 1758, that Moses Moore w prisoner by the Indians on River. If you will look in th court records of Augusta co will see that an administr appointed for the estate Moore in August, 1758. clusive proof when taken that Moses Moore having b prisoner was killed or died few weeks there after. W familiar with the expe Moses Moore of Pocahont who was taken prisoner dian and escaped and wh descendants in Pocahonta than any other pioneer. Moses Moore did not com hontas until the year 177 is the account of anot Moore who was captured dians and killed in 1758, t before that time. Ther certain that there were Moore's who figured pro the Indian warfare reco gusta county. The Mos 1758 was one of ten br with their widowed moth sister had come from th Ireland to settle on t grant as first settlers o county, and I am not pre whether our Moses Moor or a nepnew of the first M

The first election that West Virginia after it state was on the 28th d 1863, at which time Bo elected governor. The o Pocahontas county that were open was on Stony C was not a peaceful elec generally referred to as t Duncan's Lane, and co great deal of long distance Confederates requiring t walk through a rain of exercise their right to v Union soldiers returnin That was the battle in

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Stony Creek comes into the Greenbrier from the west about one mile above the bridge at Marlinton. A mile and a half below Knapps Creek comes in from the east. The two together have something to do with the formation of the five or six hundred acres of level land just above high water mark, that the ancients called Greenbrier first, and afterwards Marlins Bottom, and later Marlinton. Stony Creek comes out of limestone hills in bold springs and plunges down its stony way until it creeps into the river, but for miles below the fisherman observes that the water is colder on the west side. The farms on the waters of Stony Creek are productive and it is a land of no interest, that is the people pay but little interest, though they are not averse to receiving a reasonable rate of interest.

Right at the mouth of the creek the ancient manor of Robert Gay was above, and William Poage below. Gen. Andrew Lewis owned the mouth of the creek at the date of his death. One of the corners to that survey stood right at the fork of the road where the Warwick road branches off of the Seneca Trail. Robert Gay's two sons, John Gay and Samuel Gay got that plantation and made two farms out of it. The fair ground is on the John Gay part. The Samuel Gay part is now owned by Mrs. Marvin Carter. The land below was given by William Poage to his daughter, my grandmother, Mrs. Margaret D. Price, clear down to the mouth of

1890 is the big snow, but it could not compare with the winter of 1881 for severity.

Indian Draft is a branch of Stony Creek coming in a quarter of a mile above its mouth. It is so called because the Indian parties that came into this community debouched from the mouth of that draft on the old war path. I have talked to men, Captain J. C. Gay, and others, who could remember when occasional parties of Indians travelled the old trail when they came east to visit the Great White Father at Washington. Children in that day and time being reared on stories of massacres in the Revolution days were always looking for raids from the Indians. G. M. Kee told me that he heard about the attack on Fort Drinnen, at the mouth of Stony Creek, so often from his grandmother who was in the fort at the time, that he grew up in the belief that the Indians might come anytime.

Sometime near a hundred years ago, a party of Indians came by and camped at the mouth of the creek. One old chief went up to Samuel Gay's to get some chickens. The old timers declare that Indians never dressed a chicken to cook it, but threw in the pot whole, feathers, insides, and all and boiled the old rooster in all he stood in This chief having traded for a sufficient number of chickens, secured them by having the chickens called up to be fed The ones to be taken were pointed out. The chief then made a clicking noise, the fowl would raise its head, and the Indian would shoot its head off with an arrow. All of which is remembered and told.

The Indians camped for the night, and the boys on the nearby farms observed them. The next morning the party moved out towards to the north, but they had not been long gone, until the boys discovered that there was one Indian left, either dead or asleep, in the camp, and the children scouted around all day, wondering about it, and they were there by the next morning at sunup to continue the inquest. Just about sunrise, the Indian wokes up, and sprang to his feet bewildered. He found himself in a strange place. He looked all around, and threw his arm to the north, and cried out, "Yi! yi!", and took out after the party just twenty-four hours behind them. He had gotten hold of a supply of booze and had lain drunk for a whole day.

Ireland to settle on the north grant as first settlers of Aug county, and I am not prepared to whether our Moses Moore was a or a nephew of the first Moses Mo

The first election that was he West Virginia after it becam state was on the 25th day of 1863, at which time Boreman elected governor. The only pl Pocahontas county that the were open was on Stony Creek, a was not a peaceful election. generally referred to as the batt Duncan's Lane, and consisted great deal of long distance firing Confederates requiring the vot walk through a rain of bulle exercise their right to vote, a Union soldiers returning the That was the battle in whic late John Armstrong was wou The Union men were able to ho election and send the result poll to Wheeling.

Up to that time the Confed were so peevish that they h vented Pocahontas county from represented in the numerous vention assemblies that were ing a new state, but Pocahont generally listed for the new This largely because of Dr Gibson, of Randolph county, a of Pocahontas county, who insisted that Pocahontas should be included in any sche the new state.

Let me tell another thing makes Stony Creek a historic s It was from that stream caught my first trout. And I live to take many thousands. not greatly impressed with th It looked very small and I th back into the water. For soc son or other trout still cling stream and every year see taken from it. This is probab to the big springs that feed keep it from drying up in drought.

I remember one time when toiled out to Williams River o mountains, ten or twelve m way, and had fished that hard without having a single bring home, that I came to th of Stony Creek, and in despe fished it down and caught basket of fish out of it.

Fishing was a thing I was about when I was younger. one of the resources of my Then the river would get up a muddy water would shut me out bass fishing, and I would w around in a disconsolate way, s

times, but when the [illegible] and busy it crowded the creek back to the mountain and it came down alongside the pike.

Back in the early fifties, James E. A. Gibbs, who was a tenant of the Samuel Ruckman farm at the mouth of Stamping Creek, was proposing to the cockeyed world that it use a sewing machine instead of a common needle. Gibbs had a working model of the sewing machine which he was trying to promote and which was going very slow. He had made it out of a laurel root. The northern cities were about as far away as the North Pole to us then, but my father was going out to college and the seminary and finally Gibbs got up to Wilmington, Delaware, and got Wilcox to go in with him, and hence those millions. But Gibbs was years in getting his invention across, and even yet Elias Howe gets the credit of inventing the sewing machine, when to say the least, Gibbs is entitled to share equally in the discovery. I am thoroughly convinced that Gibbs invented his machine years before Howe, but truth forever on the scaffold.

During those slow years, Gibbs lived at the mouth of Stony Creek. He and my grandfather built a mill in the edge of the Slough opposite the house of A. C. Pifer at Riverside. The power was obtained in turning Stony Creek down the Slough The mill sawed lumber and the power ran a wool carding machine. It depended upon the mechanical ingenuity of Gibbs and no one else ever made a success of it. When he left it was abandoned. There were two burr mills for grain higher up on the creek, the objective points in the days when I exercised the art of going to mill.

My grandfather and Gibb were congenial. My grandfather must have been a dreamer because he went broke trying to build an automobile before the time. My grandmother was a prudent woman. She absolutely refused to encumber her lands for a penny on any of the ambitious schemes of the imaginative [illegible]

ed to reveal the existence of any school house ever having been there.

But it fit in with what is known as the Preston Register of a list of casualties resulting from the French and Indian war during the seventeen fifties. Col. Preston then of Staunton prepared a list of 301 persons known to have been killed or taken captive during the outbreak of the Indians in Augusta county from 1754 to 1758. He lists twelve persons killed at this place (Greenbrier) and eight persons captured. In that list is mentioned as being killed on the 12th day of August, 1755, "a schoolmaster", without giving his name. This is pretty conclusive that there was a school here in 1755, and if that is true it is the oldest record of a school west of the Allegheny mountain. It was less than a year after the Files family had been slain at Beverly. I think that is where the school house meadow got its name.

Note the date of August 12, 1755. Just a little over a month after the battle of Braddocks Defeat on the Monongahela River near Pittsburgh. Just about time enough to enable the

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Unless Attorney-General England institutes action, nothing can be done through the resolution until the Legislature convenes in March

A few days ago a book, Marsh's resolution said, was published by Bone & Liveright, in New York, entitled "The United States." A chapter of that book was written by one James M. Cain on the subject: "A Mine-Filed Melodrama," which dealt with West Virginia.

In his description of this State he says: "A melodrama, where men carry pistols, often in leather holsters, and wear big black hats of the kind affected by the late William Frederick Cody; where they give each other three-fingered handshakes and slips of paper pass from palm to palm; where hoarsely whispered plots are met with counterplots and detective agencies flourish; where personal differences are settled by guns and letters taken from bodies designate persons by numbers or initials; where the most casual visitor is a mysterious stranger; where murder, dynamiting, arson and insurrection are too common to attract more than passing notice In brief where life is

CALVIN W. PRICE. EDITOR

THURSDAY, FEB. 17, 1955

An Old Map

Friend Martin Howes, of Charleston, with the Conservation Department, writes to me about an old map, 1882, he has of this region. I mislaid the letter. However, I do remember he asked how come the old map showed the name of Gillispie for the postoffice where Durbin is now, and the name of Winchester for Cheat Bridge.

Well, Gillispie is an old family name. Back in the 1880's and 1890's, Squire Amos S. Gillispie was postmaster at Gillispie.

When the Chesapeake & Ohio built a railroad up the Greenbrier and the Western Maryland built a railroad down the East Fork, in the early 1900's, the town of Durbin came into being. It was named for the late Charles R. Durbin, a banker of Grafton. He was a friend of the late Colonel John T. McGraw, who speculated heavily in real estate in this valley. The holding corporation was the Greenbrier River Lumber Company. The Hoffmans, tannery people, took over much of this land. They established the big tannery at Frank.

Then Martin wanted to know how come the name of Winchester appears on the map where Cheat Bridge ought to be.

Well, back in the fretful 1860's, Union troops from the North were here in numbers. Some of

When Pocahontas was formed in 1821, from parts of Randolph, Pendleton Bath and Greenbrier, the lines were not all run—merely "projected." Both Counties claimed the big forest areas, but neither could agree on surveys made by one and the other.

Then in the seventies lumber people from Pennsylvania began to look this area over for to speculate in timber lands. As a source of tax revenue, interest in the area began to be felt in both counties.

Along about 1815, the Legislature provided for a survey and a commission to decide on boundary line. The commission was composed of men from the two counties, and these were to choose a third.

Trusting a faulty memory, rather than a walk of half a mile to the Court House in the snow, the names of the late John Calvin Price and the late George Baxter, suveyor, were from Pocahontas, and the late Colonel Elihu Hutton was one from Randolph. The umpire member was the late Colonel W. R. Byrne, of Braxton County. He voted for the contention of our men—Pocahontas County was to have all the upper drainage of the Greenbrier River. The maps of the past two generations have shown it too. At a guess, about 50,000 acres of land were involved. This is now mostly a part of the Monongahela National Forestry Area.

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Then Martin wanted to know how come the name of Winchester appears on the map where Cheat Bridge ought to be.

Well, back in the fretful 1860's, Union troops from the North were here in numbers. Some of them took notice of the wonderful forests of this part of the Endless Mountains. One of those soldiers was the late Colonel A. H. Winchester, of Pennsylvania. He promised himself to return. He interested other monied people. They acquired control of an immense acreage on Shavers Cheat. The fine, big, log club house was built at Cheat Bridge. The old name. Cheat Bridge was dropped for Winchester.

The Colonel built a nice summer cottage, somewhat along the line of Swiss architecture. For a couple of generations or so, it has been the Cromer home.

The Cheat Club was a fancy outfit. Prominent men of northern and eastern states and the nation were members and guests. A trout hatchery was maintained. A fish culturist, Hans Degler, was brought from Germany. He introduced brown trout, but they did not do any good ouside of the pond. One night, more than 50 years since, some one put dynamite in the embankment of the fish pond, and every thing spilled into Cheat River.

Another thing Mr Howes asked

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Another thing Mr Howes asked was why the old map showed the upper end of Pocahontas County all clipped off—short changed some fifty thousand acres. The one between Pocahontas and Randolph Counties took a straight pitch from the Kerr Top on Cheat

I stood upon the lot,
In memory, I drifted back
Where football giants fought;
But few were left to greet me Tom,
Yet these few—they all know
That Frost was playing "soccor"
Some forty years ago.

And, by golly, they are still playing soccor, and now that we have squirmed around and got that off our chests, let us turn back the dial a few years to about 1893 and listen in a minute —yes, here it is, seems to be a meeting of some kind—sounds like Cliff Sharp talking—"I'll tell you fellows, we got to get busy and get a soccor team. Marlins Bottom, or Mariinton, as they now call it have a team, Mingo, Hillsboro and Buckeye have teams and with this bunch of two hundred and fifty pounders, Frost can put out a team that can mop up and lick Home Sweet Home out of the whole caboodle of them—why men, we can eat 'em raw."

convincing, as Frost organized a team and Cliff was the first captain, and soccor football history in Pocahontas started to unwind and as beer made Milwaukee famous, and beans keeps us from forgetting Boston, so has soccor brought fame to the little village of less than one hundred souls at the head of Knapps Creek valley.

As near as we can recall, the original team was composed of Cliff Sharp Brad Sharp, Upton Sharp, Aaron Sharp, Holmes Sharp, Butler Sharp, George Sharp, Summers Sharp, Grant Dilley, Charles Moore, Oscar Williams Sherman Gibson and perhaps a few others. Mr. Gibson was the first goal keeper and has furnished the field upon which the games have been played from the beginning.

In the early days of soccor in Pocahontas, players were rated a good deal by their size and ability to knock down and run over, rather than by their speed or knowedge of the game. Little details like these might come

Gap, Dunlevie, Cass, Mountain Grove and perhaps others, while each school tried to scare up enough for a team even if they had to use girls for goal keepers, but as time passed a lot of these old teams dropped out, and while I cannot say for sure, I am of the opinion that Frost is the only town that has kept their team without a break down through the years.

For a long time it has been a familiar sight to see father and son playing on the Frost team, and this may have something to do with keeping alive the interest in the game in this section. E. G. Sharp who joined the team about 1885 has four sons on the present team, but the boys are no more enthused over the game than is their dad, who at the age of fifty-one not only plays in every match game, but devotes a lot of time and energy to the promotion of this sport and he is recognized as the "Kenshaw Mountain Landiz" of Pocahontas soc-

but Mill Gap, Va., finally broke the winning streak in a game that ended 1 to 1, leaving the record at 101 to 1. I doubt if this record has ever been equaled in America.

In 1928 and '29, Roanake, Va., had a crack team which included some English, Polish and Swedish players, who claimed to be the champion team of old Virginia, and in a series of three games played at Covington, Frost took them over one, two, three However, in 1930 Newport News, Va. defeated Frost in a game at the Pocahontas County Fair. While Frost was able to score against them, and kept the ball in the visitors end of the field most of the time, for once "Lady Luck" turned her back and Frost got the short end of the tally. I have been told that three of the Newport News players were imported from Scotland especially to play in this game. Whether or not this is true

of old Virginia, and in a series of three games played at Covington, Frost took them over one, two, three However, in 1930 Newport News, Va. defeated Frost in a game at the Pocahontas County Fair. While Frost was able to score against them, and kept the ball in the visitors end of the field most of the time, for once "Lady Luck" turned her back and Frost got the short end of the tally. I have been told that three of the Newport News players were imported from Scotland especially to play in this game. Whether or not this is true I cannot say. I am under the impression that Minnehaha Springs won a game from Frost on July Fourth, but lost to Frost in August at the Fair, largely I think to not being in proper training, and unable to hold their pace throughout the entire game. This, of course, is one of the vital points in soccor.

Now, I don't mean to convey the impression that all of the good players are on the Frost team. As a matter of fact they are not, but the record of this old team speaks for itself. They keep fit, they love the game and play the game. There is always a goal on their end of the field and all any team has to do to win from Frost is to kick more goals than Frost does. Sounds easy, don't it?

Yes, it is a great old game, and a lot of the Pocahontas boys who helped to make soccor history have filled important places in later life, and I dare say that a lot of their ideas of fair play and good sportsmanship had their beginning in the games on the old soccor field.

Summers Sharp, of the old Frost team is now Judge Sharp; George Sharp became Secretary of State, and so far as I know all of these old players have worked just as hard for the welfare of their community as they did for their team.

As it is in our ball games, so is it in this little game that we call life. Our reward is measured by what we put into it. If we play it in a half hearted manner and violate its rules we cannot hope to come out on the winning end. If we have faith in ourselves and fit ourselves for the fight that is always ahead and play the game square, we will slowly but just as surely build up a record of which we may be duly proud.

It is not always the big town nor the location that counts. It is not so much the opportunities that come our way that counts, nor is it social standing or political pull. It must be that something within ourselves that urges us on and does not recognize defeat. Whatever it is, Frost seems to have had a right plentiful supply of it, and the supply seems to be holding out pretty well.

Some of you other teams may prove me to be wrong when you wallop the daylight out of Frost. There is a goal on both ends of the field and nothing to keep you from kicking the ball through them except Frost. Go to it.

WINTER GREEN

This writer was listening very learnedly to a lady discussing the [illegible] found everywhere in our woods, and how attractive these plants were in the living room, if they were taken up with care and kept growing in a pot.

The squaw or turkey berry is one of the finest. It can be found most anywhere trailing in leaf mold, through mosses and over stones and logs. Its green leaves and red berries have a real Christmas appearance, and withal very cheerful.

Then there are others. I can't tell about them all for I know the names of so few. But there is the ground pine, two or more kinds—the running and the solitary. A naturalist once asked me about club moss and I pleaded not guilty. I found him a piece of ground pine the like of which he had never seen before, and he said all ground pine was club moss. It is so called because when it gets ready to bloom in the fall it puts up a shoot an inch or two long that looks like a policeman's mace. But whether you know the names of these winter greens or not, they can be found in the woods if you look. There is always a chance of finding plants in these mountains which have not been listed by the botanists. However, this does not add any zest to my hunting, as my knowledge of plants is too limited to know when I have met some retiring plant that has never made her debut in high botanical society and who is not on the calling list of the naturalist.

I have a misfortunate habit of calling things out of their names, and when I wanted to ask the kind lady about that beautiful winter plant [illegible] before reading the last authority I had swallowed the milk part all right supposing it was descriptive in some way of the plant. However, as this was being written Rev. Fred Gray, the botanist of Cass, called up on the telephone to know about some stationery this office was delaying for him. He gave some light on galax. He says that it was a mystery to botanists how come the plant to be called galax, for there was no milk about it. Last summer a West Virginia farmer told him that whenever his cows got in a patch of galax they immediately increased in the flow of milk. And so you have it—galax is the plant that makes the cow give more milk and therefore is called for the Greek word for milk.

Mr Gray says that galax is plentiful in the Greenbrier Valley in spots but that you need not expect to find it in the limestone belt. But I do not desire to write too much about what Mr Gray said as he kindly promised to lend a hand and finish up the piece.

I will say, however, that everyone is familiar with galax in the expensive wreathes which come from the city florist, especially the funeral flowers. This galax is mostly from the North Carolina mountains, where the gathering of galax is a regular wintertime business of mountaineer families. There is a book, which I have always intended to read, called the "Galax Gatherers." by Dr. Guerrant. It is about the mountain people to the south of us.

About that word smilax. I looked it up too. And would you believe it, that is the book name for our old acquaintance, the greenbrier, which sticketh worser than a brother.

I have a new word. It is herba-

ist once asked me about this moss and I pleaded not guilty. I found him a piece of ground pine the like of which he had never seen before, and he said all ground pine was club moss. It is so called because when it gets ready to bloom in the fall it puts up a shoot an inch or two long that looks like a policeman's mace. But whether you know the names of these winter greens or not, they can be found in the woods if you look. There is always a chance of finding plants in these mountains which have not been listed by the botanists. However, this does not add any zest to my hunting, as my knowledge of plants is too limited to know when I have met some retiring plant that has never made her debut in high botanical society and who is not on the calling list of the naturalist.

I have a misfortunate habit of calling things out of their names, and when I wanted to ask the kind lady about tha3 beautiful winter plant, the galax, I referred to it as smilax, I got a pitying smile, and a polite inquiry if it was not galax that I was grasping so weak mindedly for. Yes, it was galax that I longed to know about.

The lady had great bunches of galax growing around in her room. She had had picked it near Minnehaha Springs, up Douthards Creek, where it grows in profusion. She believed and I believe that it can be found on the river ridges around about Marlinton. I think I have seen it here, but at times when I was more intent on gathering nuts and picking teaberries or looking for game. Come to think of it my eyes are more for trees, and beasts and birds and snakes when I am wandering in the woods than for the ground plants, anyway.

Galax has a shining, waxy, coppery colored round, leaf as big as a si-

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I have a new word. It is herbarium. The botanist folds up a little bunch of greens in a neat package of standard size, marks the name and number, writes the name of the collector and from whose "herbarium" it comes. I am not sure whether that pot of galax and the other of turkey berry vines that I am going to get will form a herbarium or not.

I have written a good deal and I have conveyed but little information, but if it provokes any one to go into the woods for Christmas greens, the effort will have been worth while.

I will now give the floor to an authority, and Mr Gray will finish the piece.

The books do not give much about galax. The botanical name is Galax galax. The botanical name is Galax aphylla, and it belongs to the Dipensia family. The Dipensia family is small, only three plants in the northeastern United States belong to it.

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Galax has a shining, waxy, copperish colored ronnd. leaf as big as a silver dollar and larger. It is to be found in sour soil. Don't expect to find it on the limestone ridges. nor does it flourish in places where a heavy fall of leaves will smother it out.

The encyclopedia is strangely silent about galax, and handbook of American flowers does not list it. One big dictionary gives galaxia, which it says, is a small genius of south African dwarf herbs of the Iris family. It further says that the name is from the Greek word which means milk. Another big dictionary gives galax as a "genus of diapen siaceaut plants with shining orbicular pasal leaves and a slender racane of small flowers." Probably called galax, which is from the Greek word for milk, in allusion to the white flowers.

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Dr. Asa Gray, in his Manual, says there is no conceivable connection with meaning of name, but Dr VanStavern, of Second Creek, says that if cows eat galax in winter they give an abundance of milk. This gives the reason for name, whether so or not, as belief would give name as well as fact.

The range of Galax is limited. The books say "Open woods, Va. to Ga." and W. Va. Flora by Millspaugh gives Morgantown as the "station" fartherest north in W. Va., and hence likely the limit of its range north and northern Georgia is the southern limit.

DROOP

8-26-28

Hills, blue and silent
Behind this old battleground;
Hills that once rang with cries of dying men,
And with the gun's resound.

Once on this cool mountain slope,
Where grasses green, and trees now wave,
Brothers were enemies, friends were foes,
Who now sleep here in one great, silent grave.

Dusk—falling o'er the battle field.
Shadows lengthening o'er the hill-tops, night—
Sleep on, oh gallant men, both blue and gray,
You gave your all for what you thought was right.

Louise McNeill, 17 years of age

friend to ... there is to Arkansas is one ... railroad man and utility magnate. He took his business seriously and now that he can afford it, he is taking his recreation seriously On his plantation somewhere in the Ozark region he has a stream with a good fall and to make complete the pleasing rustic scene he needs must have a grist mill run by an overshot water wheel; all home made.

Mr Couch has a friend in that sympathetic listener, Hon. Clem Shaver, of Washington, who sees all and knows all. Ever willing to share his pleasures, Mr Shaver puts me on notice to hold myself in readiness for a visitation, for to show the visitors what we have in the way of water run grist mills. I tried to use on him some information I had about the recreation of the old mills in Rock Creek Park and on the Lee plantation; all in easy distance of Washington. These samples did not suit; they were undershot wheels. Well, dogone it after all an undershot is merely an overshot run backward, don't you know.

Now while a mountain man who is worth his salt and tobacco can still take an axe and make a grist mill complete, big or little, as his present need may require, I must admit we quit training up skilled, professional mill wrights a generation back, about the time we let ourselves get out of bear dogs.

Wooden overshot water wheels would wear out; they would get heavy on the shady side. The shrewd salesmen from the north would then show the advantage of the steel fabricated water wheel and of the turbine. Take an artfully constructed water wheel out of commission, to let it dry out, it is surprising how quickly it went to pieces. It looked like I was up against it for once in Pocahontas where I have ever boasted, we have the most and the best of it.

Finally I checked in on my friend, Squire G. M. Williams, down Bruffeys Creek way. Yes, sir, he ran his grist mill with an overshot wheel which he had made with his own hands fifteen feet and better in diam ... around eight revolutions a minute. Then there is the Hammer mill on the South Branch, three miles out of Franklin, which is still running under power from a moss

measurements and to take notes. Besides mills, they were to check up on fish hatcheries and country tan yards too.

Saturday was my busy day. My word was out to go to the Rhododendron Festival at Webster Springs; to go to the picnic meeting of the directors of the Mt State festival at Stewarts Park; there was the annual Farm Bureau picnic at Seneca Forest; there was a wedding in the clan set for that day. Last but by no means least, Saturday was the opening day for bass fishing in the Greenbrier. Howsomeever, there remain remnants and tatters of a mountain hospitality which knew nothing too good to make visitors feel to home, and I had a good time showing the young men around.

The first stop was at Wilson's garage, to see a six foot water wheel This one was built by young Lloyd Wilson to run a dynamo for home lights and to charge automobile and radio batteries Its capacity was four batteries a day. The coming of the high power line put an end to this profitable local business enterprise. Note was taken of the ingenious wood saw rigged up on the driving shaft of a junked automobile.

Next place was the tanyard of Benton Smith As near as I can figure Mr Smith is the fifth generation of the Smith family to follow the art of leather making. His is the good old oak tanned leather. The first spell in the vat is for one month; the second is for two months; the the third, three months. If the leather is light that is enough. The fourth spell is four months, and this is for heavy hides for sole leather. There were a lot of bear pelts in the process of tanning, and the deer hides numbered more than one hundred Mr Smith has demand for tanned calf skins for art leather craft work.

The McNeel mill at Millpoint had to be inspected too, but the water wheel was not of great interest as it is of metal. Pictures were taken of the old buildings.

Over on Bruffeys Creek Squire George Williams had stayed at home, expecting company. Some years ago, for his own convenience and that of his neighbors he rigged himself up a grist mill. He worked rainy days and made himself a water wheel

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Squire Williams put his mill through the motions, and as I saw and smelled the fresh ground golden meal streaming from the chute, I got half sick hungry longing feeling for corn bread what is corn bread. This kiln dried bolted meal out of the store might as well be a product from a sawmill for all the good it is in making bread. It is killed so dead to keep the bugs from eating it. What a bug refuses is no fitting food for man nor beast I put it up to the Squire to sell me a poke of water ground meal from good upland corn. He said there was nothing doing today' being as he had gotten out early to grind a sack full as a special gift to his editor. His gracious remembrance sure touched the tender spot in my heart all right, and the daily bread from it is even going deeper. They are fixing to have a sweetened bone at my house.

The next drive was down to the Beard mill on Locust Creek, now owned by Sydney McCoy. The man of the house was away but a real McCoy, Jack, aged eight years, did the honors for the family. He showed the party through the old mill, and he pointed out to me the pool he had taken a whale of a trout recently.

Mr Couch is interested in stocking his stream with rainbow trout, so I took his young men to the State trout hatchery for the once over Superintendent Louis Long and State Fish Technician Hessen gave them some ideas of what they would meet up with, rearing trout. The last truck load of the crop of legal size rainbows was just leaving out, but the big ones in the brook put off their usual show when thrown a feeding

All in all ,it was a pleasant half day spent milling around among my own people in company with the Arkansas travelers If Mr Couch will install a good old water wheel mill to

MILLING AROUND

I have the word of an honorable friend to the effect that the most there is to Arkansas is one Mr Couch, railroad man and utility magnate. He took his business seriously and now that he can afford it, he is taking his recreation seriously On his plantation somewhere in the Ozark region he has a stream with a good fall and to make complete the pleasing rustic scene he needs must have a grist mill run by an overshot water wheel; all home made.

Mr Couch has a friend in that sympathetic listener, Hon. Clem Shaver, of Washington, who sees all and knows all. Ever willing to share his pleasures, Mr Shaver puts me on notice to hold myself in readiness for a visitation, for to show the visitors what we have in the way of water run grist mills. I tried to use on him some information I had about the recreation of the old mills in Rock Creek Park and on the Lee plantation; all in easy distance of Washington. These samples did not suit; they were undershot wheels. Well, doggone it after all an under shot is merely an overshot run backward, don't you know.

Now while a mountain man who is worth his salt and tobacco can still take an axe and make a grist mill complete, big or little, as his present need may require, I must admit we quit training up skilled, professional mill wrights a generation back, about the time we let ourselves get out of bear dogs.

green overshot water wheel. I was was ready for company; the visitors could come on.

On Saturday, Mr Couch sent three of his young handy men to make measurements and to take notes. Besides mills, they were to check up on fish hatcheries and country tan yards too.

Saturday was my busy day. My word was out to go to the Rhododendron Festival at Webster Springs; to go to the picnic meeting of the directors of the Mt State festival at Stewarts Park; there was the annual Farm Bureau picnic at Seneca Forest; there was a wedding in the clan set for that day. Last but by no means least, Saturday was the opening day for bass fishing in the Greenbrier. Howsomeever, there remain remnants and tatters of a mountain hospitality which knew nothing too good to make visitors feel to home, and I had a good time showing the young men around.

The first stop was at Wilson's garage, to see a six foot water wheel. This one was built by young Lloyd Wilson to run a dynamo for home lights and to charge automobile and radio batteries. Its capacity was four batteries a day. The coming of the high power line put an end to this profitable local business enterprise. Note was taken of the ingenious wood saw rigged up on the driving shaft of a junked automobile.

Next place was the tanyard of Benton Smith As near as I can figure Mr Smith is the fifth generation of the Smith family to follow the art

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Wooden overshot water wheels would wear out; they would get heavy on the shady side. The shrewd salesmen from the north would then show the advantage of the steel fabri cated water wheel and of the turbine. Take an artfully constructed water wheel out of commission, to let it dry out, it is surprising how quickly it went to pieces. It looked like I was up against it for once in Pocahontas where I have ever boasted, we have the most and the best of it.

Finally I checked in on my friend, Squire G. M. Williams, down Bruffeys Creek way. Yes, sir. he ran his grist mill with an overshot wheel which he had made with his own hands; fifteen feet and better in diam eter, around eight revolutions a minute. Then there is the Hammer mill on the South Branch. three miles out of Franklin, which is still running under power from a moss

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Next place was the tanyard of Ben ton Smith. As near as I can figure Mr Smith is the fifth generation of the Smith family to follow the art of leather making. His is the good old oak tanned leather. The first spell in the vat is for one month; the second is for two months; the the third, three months. If the leath er is light that is enough. The fourth spell is four months, and this is for heavy hides for sole leather. There were a lot of bear pelts in the pro cess of tanning, and the deer hides numbered more than one hundred Mr Smith has demand for tanned calf skins for art leather craft work.

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of a traction steam engine gear and all. He dammed Bruffeys Creek to put the water in a sluiceway he dug around the hillside For corn rocks he had the choice of French burrs or a pair of millstones made from Alleghany pebblestone, out of the old Smith mill on Greenbrier River above Seebert. The Squire says the Alleghany stone is far superior even to the much vaunted French burrs. He does not know and it is up to me to find out where the Alleghany stone came from. Of course I know the conglomerate rock found in such abundance here, but I do not know the place they used to quarry Alleghany mill stones. I am depending on Edgar Smith to tell me. The Squire told us the Alleghany stones do not wear like other burrs, and so do not require dressing up so often.

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All in all it was a pleasant half-day spent milling around among my own people in company with the Arkansas travelers. If Mr Couch will install a good old water wheel mill to

long illness, he died in the Bidwell Health Care Center.

Mr. Pease is survived by his wife, the former Louise McNeill of Buckeye; his son, Dr. Douglas McNeill Pease; a granddaughter, Noralyn M. Pease; and his nephew, Theodore M. Pease, of Anchorage, Alaska. He is also survived by two sons, Dr. Roger W. and Charles Fessendeu Pease, by a former marriage.

He was born in Ashfield, Massachusetts, August 2, 1898, the son of the Reverend C. B. F. Pease and Jessica Cole Pease. Through his mother's family he was a descendant of James Cole of Plymouth Colony and of Roger Williams.

He was a graduate of Loomis Preparatory School and attended Yale University, Class of 1920, until the outbreak of World War I. He volunteered for service in April 1917 and, at the close of the War, attended Cornell University where he graduated in Agriculture in 1922. In a much later period he attended Bread Loaf School of English, the University of Iowa, and in 1950 received an M. S. degree in Agriculture at West Virginia University.

Always a wilderness explorer, he made a long journey in the early 1920's, following the Laps and their reindeer herds across Lapland and, before his return to the United States, he climbed to the cold dark edges of North Cape.

At home, he was a teacher, farmer, carpenter and fisherman. He taught at the Boys' Latin School in Baltimore, in Kingswood Boys' School, Hartford. For ten years he was headmaster of Mooreland Hill Day School in New Britain. During the years of World War II, he was Assistant Headmaster of

they were cared for in the home of their son, Douglas, and his daughter, Noralyn. In these years, Roger suffered little severe pain, and his last illness came suddenly and was not of long duration—pneumonia, "The old man's friend."

In early November a memorial service will be held in the litle woodland behind the Unitarian Church in Manchester Township.

In the last year of his life, he would often quote from the 23rd Psalm, "Horatio at the Bridge," Virgil's " Aeneid," and from the beautiful "Requiem" by Robert Louis Stevenson, written just 11 years before Rog was born:

"Under the bright and starry sky
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.
"This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be—
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill."

—Louise McNeill Pease

6-15-39

EMRY KANE

By Louise McNeill

His pause was to consider
The lilies—how they spun.
He whittled on a ramrod
Till all the chores were done.
He played his hand-carved fiddle
And beat his scrawny wife,
But he never raised a poleax,
Nor picked a crow with life.

Let it be said that Emry
Was not a man to fear
The warnings of starvation,

Till all the chores were done.
He played his hand-carved fiddle
And beat his scrawny wife,
But he never raised a poleax,
Nor picked a crow with life.

Let it be said that Emry
Was not a man to fear
The warnings of starvation,
The ill effects of beer,
The scorn of zealous neighbors,
Nor winds that caved his wall.
Let it be said for Emry
He had no fear at all. . . .

Save one . . . that left him sickly,
Eternally beset,
Unmanned, inert. For Emry lived
In terror of his sweat.

—

Dear Mr Price:

We are glad to authorize you to re print in The Pocahontas Times Louise McNeill's poem, "Emry Kane" from the May 13th issue of the Saturday Evening Post. The credit e require is as follows: Reprinted by

truck beneath, thus converting it from a three- to a four truck

century a train w

POCAHONTAS TIMES

Entered at the Postoffice at Marlinton, W. Va., at second class matter.

SUBSCRIPTION CHARGES

In Pocahontas County, $1 a year
Elsewhere, $1.50 a year

CALVIN W. PRICE, EDITOR

THURSDAY, FEB. 1, 1951

Some time ago, word was sent in by an intelligent young reader to write a chapter on Huntersville. I kept waiting for a convenient season. So the chore has been neglected. I will try my hand now.

To begin with, prior to the formation of Pocahontas in 1821 from parts of Bath, Highland, Pendleton, Greenbrier and Randolph counties, for many years Huntersville had been a trading centre. Tradesmen and merchants from east of the mountains to meet hunters, traders and trappers and barter store goods and supplies for fur skins and other proceeds of the chase.

The suggestion, for apparent historical reasons, was that the name of the County seat of the new county of Pocahontas should be Smithville, in honor of Captain John Smith, whose life Princess Pocahontas had saved. However, the name Huntersville was strenuously insisted upon by the leading

mencing, and as soon as the meeting was over the greater part of the congregation returned to the ball and commenced dancing. Oh, that I may be the honored instrument in the hands of the Almighty of bringing them to the knowledge of truth."

About sixty years ago Huntersville lost its chance for being the last Virginia boom town. The wonderfully fine town site there was not for sale; Marlins Bottom was. The county seat was moved six miles down Knapps Creek to the banks of Greenbrier River. The coming of the railroad eight years later quieted any feeling that the moving had stirred.

There is much to write of Huntersville but room for this chapter is shrinking. Maybe I will get going on it again soon. The name is known to science by reason of the Huntersville Chert. This is a hard, quartz-like, glass like stone which cracks up in small pieces. In former years Huntersville chert was considered excellent road material. It was put direct from the beds on the roads and there was enough lime, clay, sand and what not to bind it into good water bound macadam. Those were the days of good honest metal tires which pounded down; the modern rubber tire picks up.

Then there are the folded rocks —the Huntersville anticline. I have been told this is one of the finest outcrops of folding rock to

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A word about the prominent citizen, John Bradshaw. He was a Revolutionary War veteran and a man of great wealth for his time. The wonder of his day was how he could accumulate so much and the gossipy guess was he had hit the pay off number of the big lotteries held regularly in those now distant days. I have always thought of John Bradshaw as the good business man of big affairs. The name is gone but his blood remains in many descendants of

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Well, let's wind up this installment with a field note. Since 1778, when Valentine and Mary Frye Cackley moved from Winchester to Millp int. those of Cackley blood have been prominent people of our valley. About a century and a quarter ago William, son of Valentine, moved from the Ruckman place near Millpoint to a farm at Huntersville on Cummings Creek or Little Back Creek. He was to engage in farming and merchandising and bold-

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For many, many years, Huntersville was the principal trading place of the entire county. Each month people would attend upon County courts. Once a year, the Big Muster would bring out all subject to military duty. This embraced men of from 18 to 45. Of course many others came too.

At terms of Superior Court and the Big Muster, tradesmen, especially from the eastern counties would be here to sell all manner of things, including thirty cent whiskey. I presume this was the priee per gallon. In 1829 the legal price of whiskey was set by the court at 12 1-2 cent per pint. Stores and bar rooms did rushing business and the horse and cattle market would some times be lively. Store profits up to four hundred percent were not unusual in Huntersville up to the 1840's. Then the building of the Staun-
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The big fire occurred in 1852. Buildings in the block between the Presbyterian church and the Court House were burned. General Frederick Burr, a veteran of Napoleon's Armies, said the town looked like a coat with nothing but the tails left!

About ten years later Federal troops burned Huntersville again. These were sent from Beverly. As soon as the troops left volunteers came in from the woods and saved some of the town. Many of these fire fighters were women.

In 1842 a high school or academy was established at Huntersville. It was a preparatory branch of the Univerfity of Virginia. Like schools were established at Green Bank and Hillsboro.

Up to that time the people gathered for public worship in the Court House. Then services by all denominations were held in

all denominations were held in the academy building until the completion of the Presbyterian Church in 1855.

The first evergreen Sunday School in Pocahontas County was at Huntersville in 1839. The minister was Dr. J. M. Harris. He had come here for his health from what is now a great church in New Orleans. He taught school as well as preached. From here he went to Hampshire County to spend the rest of his many days.

The first recorded notice of preaching service is in the diary of Dr. S. B. Witt. He was here in 1823. On his first visit to Huntersville there was a dancing school in progress. The dancing master suspended at preaching time and took his scholars to hear the sermon. As soon as preaching was over the dancing class reassembled. Here is extract from the diary of Dr. Witt:

JANE PRICE SHARP, EDITOR

THURSDAY, MAR. 29, 1962

Cass Railroad

This is the final part of the article, "West Virginia's Logging Railroad—Its Past and Present", written by Roy B. Clarkson and Kenneth L. Carnell and published in The Northeastern Logger.

Early in 1902 the West Virginia Spruce Lumber Company, made up of John G. Luke of Orange, New York., and his sons (William, Al, and Charlie), S. E. Slaymaker, and William Whitmer, completed a large double band mill at the mouth of Leatherbark Creek on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad. This mill made its first cut on February 22, 1902. In the same year the town was incorporated. It was named for Joseph K. Cass, Chairman of the Board of the West Virginia Pulp and Paper Company of New York. Cass exhibited the phenomenal growth characteristic of lumber towns of that period. Within a few years it contained a huge company store, known as the Pocahontas Supply Company, a hotel that could ac-

truck beneath, thus converting it from a three- to a four truck engine.

The Shay-geared locomotive is ideally suited to mountain logging. It is so geared that every wheel on the engine and tender is a drive wheel. All wheels are geared together, thus no wheel can spin unless all spin. This gives tremendous traction, which, when combined with a power-producing gear ratio, makes a very powerful and useful work engine.

This Company used over 100 standard 40-foot flat cars of 80,000-pound capacity. These were fitted with automatic couplings and all other standard equipment. All rolling stock was equipped with air brakes. Nevertheless, it was necessary for the intrepid brake men to clamber from car to car over the logs to set the brakes on the steeper grades, and loosen them when more temperate grades were reached. The number of car loads brought down at one time depended on the engine used. No. 12 could haul twelve or thirteen car loads, but smaller engines only four to seven. The train crews were well prepared for emergencies while on the road, and could easily take care of simple derailments and minor repairs.

In addition, several boxcars were used to carry food and supplies for the men and horses at the camps on Cheat. During peak operations this required four carloads of food and feed twice a week. A three-

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Around 1910 the mill and holdings were transferred to the West Virginia Pulp and Paper Company who were interested in supplying pulp to their paper mill at Covington, Virginia. It was sold again in 1942 ...

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In addition, several boxcars were used to carry food and supplies for the men and horses at the camps on Cheat. During peak operations this required four carloads of food and feed twice a week. A three-wheeled, rubber-tired speeder was used by the company doctor, the superintendent, and the timekeeper. This device was light enough to be carried by one man around log cars, loaders, and other obstacles that were on the tracks.

In the early years the tracks were laid by hand, using Italian immigrants. These crews lived in special camps known as "bohunk" camps." Later a steam shovel and ditcher were purchased, thus much smaller section crews were needed for track building and repair.

For many years several logging camps were operated continuously. Each camp had about 85 men and 20-30 horses. In addition to these there were section men on the railroad, and a number of crews involved in cleaning up after the loggers and cutting pulpwood from the ... The total number ...

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Around 1910 the mill and holdings were transferred to the West Virginia Pulp and Paper Company who were interested in supplying pulp to their paper mill at Covington, Virginia. It was sold again in 1942 to the Mower Lumber Company who ran it until July 1, 1960, when operations ceased.

The original mill, completed in 1902, had a capacity of 125,000 feet of lumber per day. It ran six 22-hour days per week and cut 35 million feet annually. The building was destroyed by fire in 1922. The second mill was used until operations were suspended in 1960.

The railroad was the backbone of the entire operation. The first locomotive, a 65 ton Shay-geared engine, built by the Lima Locomotive Works of Lima, Ohio, was bought second hand in 1901 from the Huntley and one 120-ton. Later other engines were added until twelve Shays were in operation in Cass. One of these, No 12, was ... the heaviest Shay-... ever built. This

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1960, when operations
ased.

The original mill, completed
1902, had a capacity of 125,
feet of lumber per day. It
six 22-hour days per week
cut 35 million feet an-
lly. The building was de-
ed by fire in 1922. The
d mill was used until op-
ons were suspended in

railroad was the back-
of the entire operation.
rst locomotive, a 65 ton
geared engine, built by
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Ohio, was bought second
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HARP, EDITOR
MAR. 29, 1962

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truck beneath, thus converting it from a three- to a four truck engine.

The Shay-geared locomotive is ideally suited to mountain logging. It is so geared that every wheel on the engine and tender is a drive wheel. All wheels are geared together, thus no wheel can spin unless all spin. This gives tremendous traction, which, when combined with a power-producing gear ratio, makes a very powerful and useful work engine.

This Company used over 100 standard 40-foot flat cars of 80,000-pound capacity. These were fitted with automatic couplings and all other standard equipment. All rolling stock was equipped with air brakes. Nevertheless, it was necessary for the intrepid brake men to clamber from car to car over the logs to set the brakes on the steeper grades, and loosen them when more temperate grades were reached. The number of car loads brought down at one time depended on the engine used. No. 12 could haul twelve or thirteen car loads, but smaller engines only four to seven. The train crews were well prepared for emergencies while on the road, and could easily take care of simple derailments and minor repairs.

In addition, several boxcars were used to carry food and supplies for the men and horses at the camps on Cheat. During peak operations this required

century a train with 44 cars of pulpwood left Cass and Spruce for the paper mill at Covington. It is estimated that during the first forty years of operation this company cut 1,126,400,000 board feet of lumber and about the same volume of pulpwood. In addition to the mill itself, there were dry kilns, and a large planing mill which produced flooring and dimension stock.

The Company store, officially known as the Pocahontas Supply Company, supplied the neighboring farmers as well as the men who worked for the Company. Such staples as canned goods, salt, feed, fertilizers, nails fencing, matches, and logger's boots were bought by the carload. As many as four carloads of condensed milk were purchased at one time. This store is reported to have done over a million dollars worth of business annually for many years. In addition the Company owned a large store at Spruce and one at Cheat Junction.

South of Spruce the Company operated five coal mines. These supplied the trains, skidders, and loaders. Coal was also sold on the local market. The Company also owned farms and an extraction plant.

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But a bright spot appeared on the horizon—Russell Baum of Sunbury, Pennsylvania, appeared before the West Virginia Legislature with an impassioned plea to save the remaining tracks and the three remaining engines for a tourist attraction. The Legislature responded with an appropriation of $150,000 for the purchase and improvement of the railroad, shop, and about seven miles of track. A survey is now being made and it is expected that the railroad will soon become the property of the State. Only the future can tell what developments will be forthcoming.

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The Cass Railroad

The Cass Scenic Railroad isn't a new or young track. It's well past retirement age. 3-4-76

The year of 1901 the C & O line came into Cass. Immediately the West Virginia Pulp and Paper Co. began lumbering at Cass.

The West Virginia Pulp and Paper Co. started the track up Leatherbark Creek in 1902. After the railroad reached over the mountain top and on to Spruce it branched out in two directions, then it grew very big.

There was a time when the railroad, which is now the Cass Scenic Railroad, was under the name GC &E. The letters stood for Greenbrier, Cheat and Elk. Those were the areas served by it.

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From the top of the mountain the track extends toward Bald Knob. This section of the railroad was built by the Mower Lumber Company.

During the second World War the Mower Lumber Company bought a small Shay engine from the Birch Valley Lumber Company at Tioga. Frank (Young Piney) Williams was sent to Tioga to prepare the locomotive for the trip to Cass

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During the second World War the Mower Lumber Company bought a small Shay engine from the Birch Valley Lumber Company at Tioga. Frank (Young Piney) Williams was sent to Tioga to prepare the locomotive for the trip to Cass by way of Western Maryland and Spruce.

The Cass shop had some of the best mechanics. They restored the Tioga locomotive to like new shape. It served the Mower Lumber Company well as long as they needed it. Walter Good, a veteran at the throttle, was the engineer.

The Cass Scenic Railroad has an interesting history, as has the Town of Cass. The railroad, the Town of Cass, and their history should be preserved.

B. Nelson
Phoenix, Arizona

Cass To Receive Additional Engine

Chessie System Railroads and the Cass Scenic Railroad have jointly announced that the largest and last Shay steam locomotice ever built will be leased for 10 years of operation from the B&O Railroad Museum to the State of West Virginia.

Western Maryland Railway Shay No. 6, a three-truck, coal-fired, 162-ton steamer erected by the Lima (Ohio) Locomotive Works in 1945 as the very last of its type, is expected to move to Cass later this year from its location for the last 26 years—Chesie's own world-famous B&O Railroad Museum in downtown Baltimore.

The announcement of Chessie's offer was made during the spring meeting of the Tourist Railway Association, Inc., the national organization of owners and operators of America's tourist railroads, in session at Cass last weekend.

Because No. 6 was used for only eight years on Western Maryland's steep, three-mile coal mine branch from Chaffee, West Virginia, to Vindex, Maryland, and has been displayed indoors at the B&O Museum's huge roundhouse since her retirement, Cass officials believe only minor refurbishing will be necessary to operate her under steam once again.

Plans are for Cass shop people to overhaul No. 6 this winter in time for hauling thousands of tourists beginning in 1981 up the 12 twisting miles of tract to the top of Cheat Mountain.

In return for the lease of WM No. 6 for 10 years of operation, Cass will lease two of its steam locomotives to the B&O for display. No. 1, a 1905 Shay that is too old to rebuild, and No. 714, a former U. S. Government O-4-O saddletank engine built in 1950 as the last steamer erected by the Porter Locomotive Works of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, will join two dozen locomotives already exhibited on the site of America's first depot.

Governor Rockefeller expressed his appreciation to the Chessie System and Chessie Chairman Hays T. Watkins, who approved the exchange, said they were glad to be able to help their friends in West Virginia.

Cass will operate No. 6 with "WESTERN MARYLAND" painted in bold letters on the sides of her coal and water tender. The tourist line also will attach a bronze plaque to No. 6's tender, signifying her loan from the B&O Museum's collection.

Before her transfer to Baltimore, Cass will letter its Shay No. 1 "Greenbrier Cheat & Elk," one of the names under which she ran in log-train service years ago, connecting with branch lines of both Chesapeake and Ohio and Western Maryland railways, now Chessie subsidiaries. Chessie has agreed to transfer the three locomotives to their new homes without cost.

Plans call for Mr. Watkins and Governor Rockefeller to participate in a ceremony at the Cass depot late this September to formalize the trade.

Shays are designed for low-speed service, seldom running above 12 m.p.h., but are powerful, specially-geared locomotives that were invented and patented by Ephraim Shay, a Michigan lumberman and mechanical genius. Shay designed his awkward-looking engines to pull loads of logs over grades too steep and track too uneven for ordinary rod-driven steam locomotives.

Shays were used very successfully in logging and similar unglamorous service for almost 100 years until the last few were retired in the 1960's. They operated—usually in remote areas—in many parts of the world, in most of the United States, and ran quite extensively in West Virginia.

The first of only 2,770 Shays was built in 1878 in the Michigan backwoods. The last one was this Western Maryland No. 6, completed at Lima on May 14, 1945.

Bought by Mower Lumber Co.

Charlesten—Purchase of the West Virginia Pulp & Paper Co. operations and land at Cass, Pocahontas County, by the Mower Lumber Co., of Charleston, was announced Saturday by President F. Edwin Mower.

Offices will be maintained in Charleston, Cass and New York.

Involved in the transactions were 71,000 acres of timber land, mineral rights on 70,000 additional acres, and an immense timber working factory.

The Cass operations employ about 500 persons, Mr Mower said The Company will continue operations at Omar and Marmet.—Charleston Mail. 6-18-42

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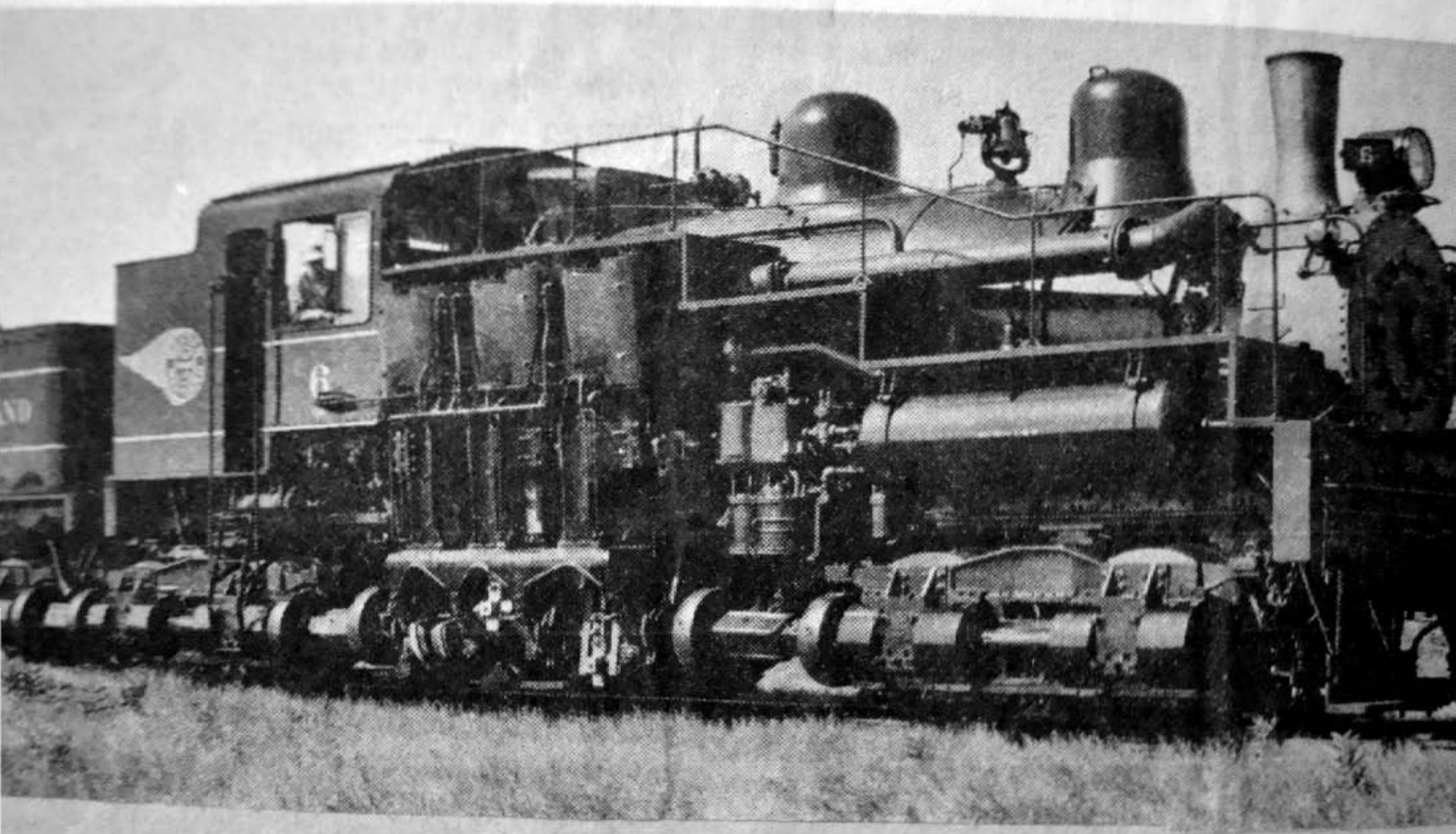

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THE POCAHONTAS TIMES

Entered at the Postoffice at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

CALVIN W. PRICE, EDITOR.

THURSDAY APRIL 20, 1922

In the Saturday Evening Post of April 8th, there is a story headed "Traveler's Repose." It is by a writer whose works are well known to us, so well that we have to be hard up for something to read, to follow him at all, though we usally read the Saturday Evening Post religiously, from kiver to kiver. This writer's name is Joseph Hergesheimer, and he always has some kind of a lesson to inculcate, and that does not suit us, who turn to fiction for surcease from sorrow, and not for instruction. We are thinking about quitting the pursuit of fiction all together for a curious reason. So many of the tale tellers are young and have a cruel way of classing people of our age as old. We hold with the old lady of this county who is ninety-eight and who has no patience with her daughter who is eighty when she complains of age.

So while the name "Traveler's Repose," had a familiar sound as that of the famous old tavern in the Upper Tract, we paid no attention to it for some time until we chanced to see that it referred to that identical place now called by the name of Bartow. Then with a sigh of duty we set down to see what the scandal was all about. Knowing the country pretty well, we soon saw that the story was laid on both sides of the Main Alleghany, in Highland and Pocahontas Counties. Mr. Higskrammer calls the county Greenstream and the nearest city Stenton and so forth.

It seems that Mr. Hillsbarker spent some months along the Staunton and Parkersburg turnpike and that the famous motion picture play, "Tol'ble David," is the result of his visit and that it was flimflammed in these, our mountains. And it is with the feeling of keen regret that we recently passed this play in the big city and did not go in to see it. We felt an urge too, and that was the unconscious knowledge that the play was about our own country, but it is only a matter of time when the play will be given here, for these are the days when Hirnam wood comes to Dunsinane.

eight, who wore spectacles, and looked about as harmless as any man in the room. But he had the thick neck, blood in the face, devoid of imagination look, so often observed in murderers. We have known a good many, and we have yet to see one who showed that he had any grasp on future events, or any power to project his mind forward. Murderers do not realize that they are going to be hung until they feel the halter draw.

Alberts was found guilty of murder in the first degree and sentenced to life imprisonment. It was impossible to tell whether he was glad or sorry. He did not seem to be intrigued.

The verdict was right in our opinion, but we consider that it was the force of circumstances that got the prisoner into his trouble. There is a famous series of cartoons known as Mutt and Jeff, in which Jeff is ill treated with great regularity. He has died a thousand deaths at the hands of Mutt. And it was apparent that this man Alberts had been the underdog for years with a dangerous, overbearing brother-in-law. But when Alberts did the killing, he was so inept about it, that he did about everything that could have been done on the spur of the moment to pull off a killing that would make a hanging matter out of it.

Three woodsmen came to the house of Hinkle and Alberts, where they lived together, after supper one Sunday night in January, and they brought there a half gallon of death and damnation, doubly distilled and dangerous. The occasion of their stopping was that they had walked all the way from Cranberry woods and wanted some supper. The booze was passed around and Alberts took two drinks at least. Now liquor which makes life take on a rosy, hopeful tinge, as a usual thing, may with the innate perversity of inanimates, have just the opposite effect. This time it made Alberts mind dwell on murder. It does look like murder pervades the air sometimes.

Hinkle, whose time had come, addressed a remark in friendliness to Alberts, and Alberts replied, "Yes, but—" It was no time for buts. What Alberts then said was apropos of nothing. "But you said you would kill me once." What an answer was that! His mind must have been charged with murder, for Hinkle jumped to his feet and showed a knife. He also seemed to have taken the precaution to put a saw swedge, (hand anvil) in his pocket. But the (hand anvil) in his pocket. But the [illegible] was over in a fleeting moment.

prosecuting attorney paints him a fiend in human form, and the attorneys for the defense as an unfortunate man caught in the fell clutch of circumstances. No wonder the Psalmist hastened to say with conviction, that all men are liars. For out of the same mouth can come blessings and cursings about the same identical thing.

And while we know we have the best people in the world, the poor sinful world, yet we have to admit that we have murder trials, sandwiched between moonshine cases. And when the stage was set the other day and the expectant audience had gathered to hear the dramatic story of a horrible killing, a whisper went through the throng like wind through ripened grain, that a few minutes before there had been a killing by shooting at Cass, and that the killer had been caught, and that in due course there would be another attraction in the way of a murder trial at the court house. O why should the spirit of mortal be proud!

We were interested in the curious persistence of Charles Vandevender, in the so called art of bootlegging. He seems to be devoted to the profession. He is a big broad shouldered six footer who looks like he could do as much work as any man. He lives at Thornwood the next town above Traveler's Repose, and while he did not have a still in his parlor he did have five gallons of white or colorless moonshine whiskey there that carried a boquet that reached beyond the fourth row of seats. Vandevander is well known at the county seat having recently served some time in the county prison, and being a docile member of that institution, he was let go before his time.

Suspicion attached to him again, and a search warrant was issued for his castle, and the officers went there to inquire. Vandevender was not at home to his visitors, and Sheriff Heard, who is about the most efficient and most polite of all Virginia gentlemen, regretted to disturb the family, and told them that he would conduct the search with the least possible annoyance to his neighbor. And in the front room almost the first thing that he saw was five half gallon jars of moonshine. It looked like he had been expected and that the fatal stuff was set out where he could not help but see it. The prosecuting attorney referred to it as it set on the table in charge of the stenographer as an exhibit, that it was enough poison to kill every body in the room.

While the sheriff was peeking up

him ... Saturday ... river to ... Hergesheimer, ...
from river to Joseph Hergesheimer, a lesson
name is Joseph has some kind of a lesson
he always has some kind of not suit
to inculcate, and that does not suit
us, who turn to fiction for surcease
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Dunsinane.

Mr. Helhepper is pleased to observe
that in Greenstream county that
girls and women were ornamental
only when they were very young, not
more than fifteen or sixteen, and then
only in the hours between their du-
ties in the house and dairy. They
married at once, after a few dances,
a short courtship, and retired defi-
nitely to an existence of utility.

That shows ... at the famous author
is either a chicken fancier, or that he
is going blind, and should see either
a preacher or a doctor. But then it
is to be remembered that ... pub-
lishers pay twenty five ... d
by ... that they ...
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Alberts got a rifle and fired it while
struggling with one of the woodsmen.
And the woodsman got the rifle,
emptied the magazine and hid it, and
all thought the trouble was over
again. Then Alberts came into the
room where Hinkle was. Alberts
was walking with his body tense
and a knife held high, and in a
twinkling of an eye had given one
downward slash, and almost cut Hin-
kle's shoulder off. Hinkle then ran.
The surgeons say that when a man is
bleeding to death that he will run as
far as he can and fall. Hinkle trav-
elled for about two hundred steps.
His journey was marked by a blood
trail. It led him to the county road
and he died in the road.

Alberts exulted. He challenged
the world to conflict. The woods-
men ran. Alberts took the trail left
by his victim and found him dead
and returned to the house and told
his mother and Hinkle's wife that
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to inquire. Vandevender was not at
home to his visitors, and Sheriff
Beard, who is about the most efficient
and most polite of all Virginia gen-
tlemen, regretted to disturb the
family, and told them that he would
conduct the search with the least
possible annoyance to his neighbor.
And in the front room almost the
first thing that he saw was five half
gallon jars of moonshine. It looked
like he had been expected and that
the fatal stuff was set out where he
could not help but see it. The prose-
cuting attorney referred to it as it
set on the table in charge of the sten-
ographer as an exhibit, that it was
enough poison to kill every body in
the room.

While the sheriff was packing up
to leave the premises, two other jars
was practically forced on him, in that
they were carried from the house to
the woodshed in the pockets of a
hunting coat.

The defense was that a man named
Welsher had passed that way a few
minutes before the arrival of the
sheriff, and had asked permission to
leave the liquor and the coat there,
and that they had been taken in as a
matter of accommodation without
knowing that there was anything in
the packages in the nature of a con-
traband. And a lot of witnesses
swore to it.

But that defense proved to have a
weakness, in that the man Welsher
came hotfoot to purge himself of the
imputation of guilt, and brought a
host of witnesses to prove that he
was nine miles away that morning.
That he had got the word in a day or
two that the guilt was to be laid on
him, and he and his witnesses had
fixed the fact indelibly in their minds

... that ... along the ... months along the ... Parkersburg turnpike and ... some months along the turnpike and ... the famous motion picture play, "The David," is the result of his ... and that it was flimflammed in ... our mountains. And it is with ... of keen regret that we ... passed this play in the big ... did not go in to see it. We ... urge too, and that was the ... knowledge that the play ... about our own country, but it is ... matter of time when the play ... given here, for these are the ... when Birnam wood comes to Dunsinane.

Mr. Helhepper is pleased to observe that in Greenstream county that girls and women were ornamental only when they were very young, not more than fifteen or sixteen, and then only in the hours between their duties in the house and dairy. They married at once, after a few dances, a short courtship, and retired definitely to an existence of utility.

That shows that the famous author is either a chicken fancier, or that he is going blind, and should see either a preacher or a doctor. But then it is to be remembered that when publishers pay twenty-five cents a word for copy, that they are responsible for a lot of twaddle.

The study that the author has made of our country is dealt out by imagining a young man of moonshine blood going to the great war and coming back so far reformed as to abolish the still in his parlor. He is furthermore so impressed with the sin and misery of the world, and so imbued with the peace and contentment of the woods and hills, that he conceives a plan of going about as a kind of a preacher trying to convince the people that they are greatly favored by their isolation, and that the thing to do is to let the world go by. Keep out all the vain things of the earth. Be sufficient unto ourselves. Form a community that would be known all over the world for righteousness. Get back to the good old days. Make an impregnable fortress of contentment. He was misunderstood. The storekeeper thought that he meant to keep out mail order goods. Some wicked young men thought he ought to set up the still again. His sweetheart turned sour, and so forth. He was not getting along very well with it. His plans seemed to lack details, but the people heard him, and paid about as much attention to him as they would any other teacher.

And just as he had got to be known ... who went about giving ... advice, a moving picture ... in to shoot a film and to ... of the county ... a ...

murder pervades the air sometimes.

Hinkle, whose time had come, addressed a remark in friendliness to Alberts, and Alberts replied, "Yes, but—" It was no time for buts. What Alberts then said was apropos of nothing. "But you said you would kill me once." What an answer was that! His mind must have been charged with murder, for Hinkle jumped to his feet and showed a knife. He also seemed to have taken the precaution to put a saw swedge (hand anvil) in his pocket. But the fuss was over in a fleeting moment. Alberts got a rifle and fired it while struggling with one of the woodsmen. And the woodsman got the rifle, emptied the magazine and hid it, and all thought the trouble was over again. Then Alberts came into the room where Hinkle was. Alberts was walking with his body tense and a knife held high, and in a twinkling of an eye had given one downward slash, and almost cut Hinkle's shoulder off. Hinkle then ran. The surgeons say that when a man is bleeding to death that he will run as far as he can and fall. Hinkle travelled for about two hundred steps. His journey was marked by a blood trail. It led him to the county road and he died in the road.

Alberts exulted. He challenged the world to conflict. The woodsmen ran. Alberts took the trail left by his victim and found him dead and returned to the house and told his mother and Hinkle's wife that Elza lay dead in the road. When the man was found, the head was nearly severed from the body. Alberts denies that he is guilty of this atrocity, though no one else could have done it. Alberts went to the house of George Ramsey and in a wild incoherent manner came in on them at midnight carrying an open knife covered with blood, and told them that he had killed Hinkle.

These are some of the salient facts developed at the trial. Alberts was guilty not only of hard words but the blow, and to add to his offense the wild, insensate attack on the dead body of his victim added to the natural repugnance with which society viewed him. He was no student of murder as a fine art as portrayed by DeQuincey and other writers. He went wild with all the ferocity of a beast, and when he came into court it had passed from him and he sat there blinking through his spectacles listening to the case, and not taking a very intelligent interest in it either, so far as anyone could determine by his indifferent attitude. He went on the stand and ... fighting for his ...

... visitors, and ... was not at ... who is about the most efficient and most polite of all Virginia gentlemen, regretted to disturb the family, and told them that he would conduct the search with the least possible annoyance to his neighbor. And in the front room almost the first thing that he saw was five half gallon jars of moonshine. It looked like he had been expected and that the fatal stuff was set out where he could not help but see it. The prosecuting attorney referred to it as it set on the table in charge of the stenographer as an exhibit, that it was enough poison to kill every body in the room.

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The defense was that a man named Welsher had passed that way a few minutes before the arrival of the sheriff, and had asked permission to leave the liquor and the coat there, and that they had been taken in as a matter of accommodation without knowing that there was anything in the packages in the nature of a contraband, and a lot of witnesses swore to it.

But that defense proved to have a weakness, in that the man Welsher came hotfoot to purge himself of the imputation of guilt, and brought a host of witnesses to prove that he was nine miles away that morning. That he had got the word in a day or two that the guilt was to be laid on him, and he and his witnesses had fixed the fact indelibly in their minds and he proved an alibi, thereby greatly strenghtening the State's case.

The proceeding was under the habitual criminal part of the act by which a second offense is punishable by a penitentiary sentence, and when the jury brought in a verdict of guilty the court gave him the high limit, three years in the State's prison. The defendant is not a man to show emotion, but we noticed a whole lot of lines wrinkled his forehead in a peculiar way when he was sentenced. He was silent. His color did not change. His features were immovable. But that knotted forehead showed emotion of some sort.

There was another case of the State vs John Reda. The defendant was an Italion merchant at Cass and the State intimated that he sold lemon and vanilla extract not wisely but two well. The prosecuting attorney stated that he did not claim the essential cooking flavors were unlawful, but that when they were sold as a beverage and drunk at the counter and that it was within the statute against selling intoxicants. A witness testified that customer bought ...

[illegible] a plan of going about [illegible] a preacher trying to convince the people that they are greatly fav-ored by their isolation, and that the thing to do is to let the world go by. Keep out all the vain things of the earth. Be sufficient unto ourselves. Form a community that would be known all over the world for right-eousness. Get back to the good old days. Make an impregnable fortress of contentment. He was misunder-stood. The storekeeper thought that he meant to keep out mail order goods. Some wicked young men thought he ought to set up the still again. His sweetheart turned sour, and so forth. He was not getting along very well with it. His plans seemed to lack details, but the peo-ple heard him, and paid about as much attention to him as they would to any other teacher.

And just as he had got to be known as a worker who went about giving unsought advice, a moving picture outfit came in to shoot a film and to scatter the fame of the county far and wide, and in a dispute with this worldly invasion, our hero got into a fight with the director of the picture people, and the director got shot so badly that he died out. Unhappily that killing exemplifies the life here. Few fights, but when a fight does come, it is apt to be fatal. So he has hard time to get the hero out of the Happy Valley of Amhara, but the sweetheart having got over her pout-g spell comes back and shows him e way down a kind of Still House in, and so far as the record dis-oses, the young man is still at large, ough married. Reminds one of ie Reed's "Wives of the Prophet."

We do not wish to appear harsh, d we are not willing to accept the n of wearing homespun and doing hout imports, but after reading at Mr. Hopscotch hath written, have decided to do our own writ-, and not trouble him for another ping.

is a regretful thing that we have ontend with so many killings cannot get away from the fatal equences. Men fight to the fin And the particular brand of shine that is handed out nowa-seems to invoke the spirit of er.

t week we reviewed the case of Houchin and the killing that ed a pleasant evening marred use of liquor and the killing end.

this week, two days of the was taken up in the trial of Alberts for killing his brother Elza Hinkle, at the end of such family party with visit-ter an evening of feasting, dancing and drinking. The nt was a rather irregular, aired young man of twenty-

[illegible] that he is guilty of this atrocity, though no one else could have done it. Alberts went to the house of George Ramsey and in a wild incoherent manner came in on them at midnight carrying an open knife covered with blood, and told them that he had killed Hinkle.

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And during this session at the typewriter we try to connect up the discussion of mountain character by a city writer, in which he intimates that the mountain women are not attractive, and the men dangerous; a write up of moonshine and murder cases at a big court; and a famons lecture from the lyceum bureau at the high school about the feuds and killings of Breathitt county and oth-er counties in eastern Kentucky, which invites us to give thanks that we, his polite audience, are not as these other men are.

So we have to play all these cards including the speeches made by able laywers about the killer, in which

[illegible] and the guilt was [illegible] and his witnesses [illegible] the fact [illegible] and he proved an alibi [illegible] strengthening [illegible] The proceeding [illegible] criminal part [illegible] which a second offense is punishable by a penitentiary sentence, and when the jury brought in a verdict of guilty the court gave him the high limit, three years in the State's prison. The defendant is not a man to show [illegible] peculiar way when he was sentenced. He was silent. His color did not change. His features were immovable. But that knotted forehead showed emotion of some sort.

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upon us by what he was, rather than by what he said, the high quality of his serene spirit. He has indeed been a benediction in this house. Now that he is gone the house seems still full of his presence and we miss him inexpressibly.

But for him these have been ten very happy years. He enjoyed the increasing scope of his work at the Seminary, he enjoyed the fellowship with the faculty and stoutly defended them at all times against those who questioned them in orthodoxy or in other ways. Most of all did he enjoy the students. Someone told me recently that every afternoon there were students in his office talking to him of their troubles. I know they came to him for any trouble they had. They told their financial difficulties, and he was kept continually poor by the number he helped. They told him their family troubles, their troubles with their books. He was always coaching this one, teaching that one a little English at some odd time buying some winter clothes for another. Last winter once I remember he began to smile suddenly as though at some inner pleasure and I asked him what it was that amused him. He said, "Nothing, really. There has just been one of our poorer students who has been too thinly dressed this cold weather and I have just bought him good warm clothes and he looked so nice today and comfortable. The wind is very cold."

I looked at him in mingled love and exasperation and said, "But Father, your own overcoat is all out at the elbows, and I cannot patch your woolen under-wear any more, and you need a new winter suit your self!" He replied tranquilly, still smiling. "Oh, I think they will do me out this winter."

Such was my father. If any ever lived the commands of Christ to share all he had, he was that one. There will be many who will mourn his death, many more than I know, because the hand that fed them secretly is gone and the one to whom they turned in their need and met his unfailing response is gone.

He died on August 31, 1931, in Kuling. He was ill only a few days, and for that we are grateful, because he would have borne with difficulty a long illness. He was in the home of his younger daughter and was surrounded with every care and tenderness. The passing came at the end of a happy summer, when he had met many of his old friends. He had just passed his seventy-ninth birthday, and they had had a little party for him. He loved such little parties and meeting his friends and talking. It was a good end, and we cannot wish him here—because he died as we who loved him have often hoped he would, before he had time to feel his age a burden to him. As it was, his age added grace, for many especially among the Chinese, who were very kind to him because of it, and admired him because he worked so faithfully in spite of it.

To the very last he preached. In addition to his work in the Seminary it was his delight to have a service on Sunday at one of his chapels, and if possible a Bible class of young men, as though they were all his own sons. I have the memory of him going here and there to this place and to that school to find if there were any opportunity to preach the gospel. This was always to him the highest service, to preach Christ and him crucified.

Of such parents we are proud to be the children.

Rev. A. Sydenstricker, D. D.

Rev. A. Sydenstricker, D. D. [illegible] fifty-one years a member of our [illegible] sion in China, passed away [illegible] few days illness of dysentery [illegible] home of his daughter in K[illegible] China, on August 31, 1931. Dr. Sydenstricker was born in Greenbrier county, West Virginia, on April 13, 1852. He prepared himself for the ministry and the mission field attending Washington and Lee University, where he was graduated with high honors, and the Union Theological Seminary, Virginia. He went to China with his bride in 1880, being stationed first in Soochow and later in Hangchow. But he was a pioneer especially fitted for pioneer work, he was always anxious to go where the Gospel had not yet been preached and no others at work. He opened several of the stations in the North Kiangsu mission and later in his home settled at Chinkiang, from which as a center, he worked over a wide radius of country. He had definite ideals of mission methods, being among the first to advocate education for Christians and an educated ministry. Before a seminary was begun in China he had training classes for ministers, and later was one of the first to help organize the Nanking Theological Seminary which also the last ten years of his life was spent as Dean of the Correspondence School. He believed in self support and the self autonomy of the Chinese Christian Church, and in all his work bore these ideals in mind. He was a man gentle in nature and self-sacrificing to the last fibre of his being. The Chinese people recognized these traits and he was well beloved by them to a degree far beyond the usual. Added to these they respected him for his sound scholarship and his familiarity with their language. One [illegible] the translation of the New Testament into an easy and simple vernacular, pure in style, and easy for the common man to comprehend if he could read. His last work was to make the final revision for a new edition of this work. In a time when many missionaries became discouraged and lost their faith in the times and in the Chinese people, Dr. Sydenstricker, in spite of his years and many hardships and tragic experiences, maintained steadfastly his faith in his mission, which was preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and in the integrity and goodness of the Chinese people. His was a heart of large simplicity. He believed the best of the people among whom he lived and his belief was rewarded [illegible]

I was curious to know how much a
armer could expect to receive from a
barrel of sugar water, supposing mo
asses of 11 pound standard brough
1.50 a gollon. Sugar makers tol
ne my experience of a gallon of syr
p to the barrel of water was nigh
bout right. I looked the matte
p in the book and found the sam
gure given there. The sugar mak
rs then told me it was good guessin
hat one dollar would cover the cos
f hauling, boiling, canning, shippin
nd selling. They said fifty cents
arrel for sugar water was no ba
rice, depending of course on th
onvenience of the orchard. On
aker told me that this year he ha
athered and boiled ten barrels o
ugar water in a day's time.

For years we all have been trying to build up a market for maple molasses but it has persistently remained a somewhat minor local industry in spite of all we could do to promote a general market. The reason was we could never give assurance of the necessary quantity demanded nor the required uniformity of product. Up in New England they have gone about maple sugar producing in a systematic, business like way. The water is gathered to a central point and boiled down into a uniform, standard product to go to a market ever waiting and anxious for it. Our Farm Commission, ever alert to the needs of West Virginia, has enquired into the matter. He finds that water of about four thousand trees must be in sight as the first requirement. and this within convenient hauling distance by a tank truck. At a central point, the evaporator, storage tanks and wareroom must be provid-

arl Beverage was in town Sa
marketing an automobile loa
ple syrup. He says in a coupl
ks he made about a hundred
of syrup which he sold for n
dy money than he will see a
year, except from the sa
k. He had only a part o
ar trees running.